

For

Robert Hurlock Jenkins

with his Aunt Penkless love.

Mipping Athenaeum

June 25. & Sept. 24. 1853

Nov. 4. 1854

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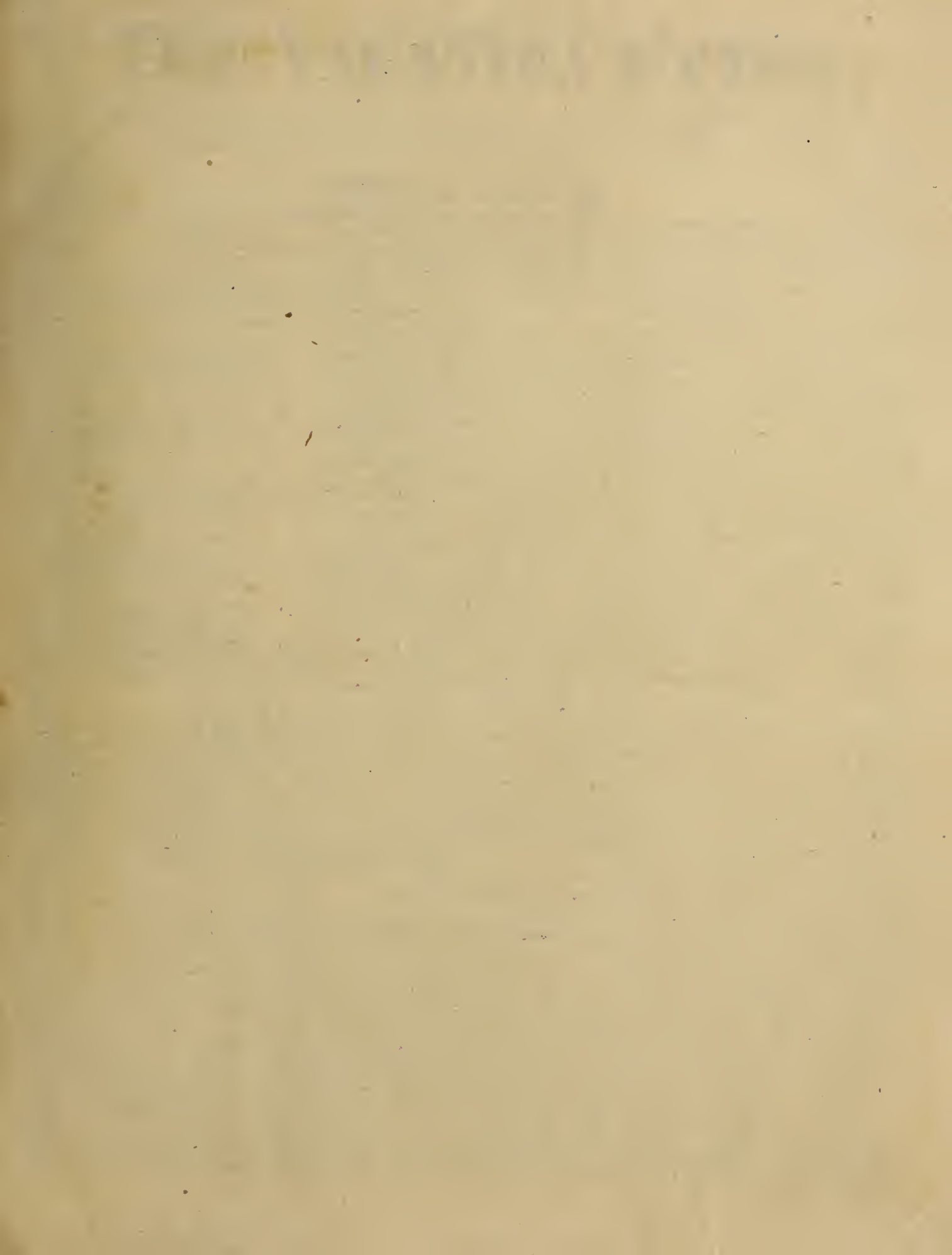
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THE VACATION EXTRA.

"FROM A CHILD THOU HAST KNOWN THE HOLY SCRIPTURES, WHICH ARE ABLE TO MAKE THEE WISE UNTO SALVATION."

2nd Tim. iii. 15.

No. 1.]

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28, 1843.

[PRICE 1D.]

POETRY.

RESIGNATION.

My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
Oh! teach me from my heart to say:
Thy will be done, thy will be done!

Tho' dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught:
Thy will, my God, thy will be done.

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still I would reply:
Thy will be done, thy will be done.

If thou shouldst call me to resign
What I most prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what is Thine:
Thy will, my God, thy will be done.

Should pining sickness waste away
My early life in sad decay;
In life or death I'll try to say:
Thy will, my God, thy will be done.

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say:
Thy will, my God, thy will be done.

FOR THE EXTRA.

ST. TIMOTHY'S HALL,
26th June, 1843.

At the prospect of dismissing my scholars for the holydays. I feel as if I ought to give them a few words of parting advice; and as the publication of the Extra gives me an opportunity of doing so in print, I offer them to the Editor for insertion.

With some of my scholars I may expect to meet week after week at our Lord's day exercises; others perhaps I may not see again till they meet to resume their studies. Upon all I could wish to impress some serious considerations.

Our parting will not bear a painful character; some of us have worked hard during the school-time, and some weeks of recreation come quite convenient to all of us. We shall, most of us, part in good health and with an expectation of meeting again in prosperity. So it may turn out. But possibly it may not.

Youth and health are no security against the various ills of life. Some of you may get sick, and all your expectations of recreation during the holydays, and of meeting your school-fellows again, may be disappointed: sickness or death may visit the family to which you belong; parent or brother or sister may sicken and may die, and then you will have to spend the ap-

proaching weeks in anxiety, in fears and weeping, instead of enjoying the pleasantness of the season and the fun which you now expect with your companions, and the excitement of new places which some of you hope to visit.

Now you must not suppose that I want to make you sad; but let me tell you that I want to make you serious for a little while, that you may carefully consider this advice: Remember that God has placed you in this world with a choice to make, of eternal happiness or of endless misery. Many persons die very young, and according as they die in a state of faith or of unbelief, so will it be with them, either well or ill through all eternity. Make then a wise choice betimes. I know you choose that it should be well with you. Then be a faithful and obedient follower of your Saviour Jesus.

You have learned much of the Saviour's words and life. They were gracious words which flowed from his lips, and tender love towards men was in all his actions. All he said was fit to teach men their duty, to point out to them their faults, to warn them against their temptations, and to invite them into the way to please God. All he did was done to relieve the miseries of men, to show them his power, and to bring them to trust in him as the best guide, under whom they could not go wrong. For the love he bore towards men, he gave his life that they might be saved. Now I entreat you to trust yourselves to him, to let him have your young hearts, and to be led by him; and depend upon it, he will give you peace upon earth and bring you to endless felicity hereafter.

As I shall have an opportunity of writing to you again next week, I will close for this time, and remain,

Dear Scholars,
Your affectionate Tutor and friend,
THE PRINCIPAL.

SELECTIONS.

BE SLOW TO JUDGE OF OTHERS.

I am very fond of walking. Sometimes I set out and ramble over the country for an hour or two at a time,—now pursuing the road,—now coursing a field,—now going through a wood. After reading for an hour or two after breakfast one day, I closed the book, and went out with the intention of taking one of my longest *tramps*, so as to enjoy as much as possible the beauty of the weather. It was one of those warm sunny days that we sometimes have in October. It is impossible to tell you how

deep was the blue of the sky, and how beautiful the forest was with its trees changed, some to deep red, some to bright yellow, some to rich brown; and what a pretty picture each of the little patches of wood that were scattered about over the country made, with all these colours mixed up together. Nor can I tell you how happy every thing that my eyes beheld appeared to be. Perhaps they seemed so to me because I felt so cheerful and lighthearted myself; the fine weather made me feel glad, without my being able to tell why every thing I saw appeared clothed in beauty, and I felt a kind of love for the hills, and the solitary trees and other things without life that my eye rested on.

As I walked along, I saw a little way before me a girl who was stopping under a tree by the road-side to gather some chestnuts. She bounded away, after getting her apron full, without seeing me. She too was as happy as myself at the blue sky, and the warm air, and the brown woods—that one could easily tell, by her lively movements and her continued singing. "Why," thought I to myself, "am I not always as happy as I am at this minute? Why am I sick at one time and low-spirited at another? and almost always have something to torment and make me uneasy? Could not God, who is so good, make all his creatures as happy all their lives as I and this little girl are just now?" I could find no reason for it, except *sin*. St. Paul says, that sin entered into the world, and death by sin. Yes—death, and every thing that leads to death, such as sickness, and every thing that makes this world uncomfortable, comes from sin. These thoughts conducted my mind to the book I had been reading. It gave some wonderful accounts of madmen, particularly of the great strength which they exert sometimes when they attack other people. Three or four men cannot hold down one of these unhappy creatures when the mad fit comes on, and they have been known to break the iron chains by which they were confined. I was thinking with pity about them, when all at once I observed a man some distance before me acting very strangely. He was standing upon one side of the road, near the fence, making odd and unaccountable motions with his hands. He seemed trying to catch handfuls of air, and he was looking steadfastly upwards into the sky. I cannot give you a better idea of his strange motions, than by saying that some of them were like those of a boy who is taking his kite down by hauling in the string *hand over hand*.

It came into my head immediately that this was a crazy man, and so thought the little girl too, for she stopped her singing and crossed to the opposite side of the way, as it to get as far from him as possible; and when she had got by, she kept turning her head to see what he was about. He did not heed her in the least, and this made me think the more he was not in his right mind. To find out, I stood still and looked at him for some time. There he was keeping up those strange motions, grasping at the air with one hand after another, and looking occasionally at them as if to see what he had caught. His eye, as I got a glimpse of it under the brim of his hat, looked very fierce. I began to doubt whether it would be safe to pass him, when all at once he started and made towards me with all his might. You may guess how much I was alarmed. I thought he was going to tear me in pieces. As he ran towards me, he snatched off his hat and whirled it up in the air. It fell very nearly at my feet, where I stood doubting whether to run or to stand my ground. He stopped short the moment he perceived me, and his looks and manner showed me plainly that I had made a mistake in thinking he was crazy. He coloured a little at first, and then said, as he stooped down to pick up his hat, "This is a fine day, sir." I answered, "Yes," and asked him at what he had just now thrown his hat. This led to a conversation between us, which explained his queer behaviour and made it appear very natural. It is too long for the present number of the Magazine, but you shall have it in the next. In the meantime, my children, I will give you the lesson that was taught me by my mistake, which is this,—not to be hasty in *judging* about others. I called this man, who turned out to be as much in his right mind as myself, a crazy man. But other people do much more. I made a mistake as to the state of this man's *mind*, but they will charge people with having bad *hearts*—call them spiteful or malicious—say they have done this or that evil thing, and assert that they steal or that they lie,—and all this when they have not very good reasons for thinking so. My children, be slow to *think evil* of others, and much slower to *speak it*,† because you may say what is not true about them, and so hurt their feelings, and make other people think hard of them,—and all for nothing. I hope you will remember this little piece of advice, at school among your companions, at home among your brothers and sisters, in life among all with whom you have any thing to do.

(From the New York Children's Magazine.)
[THE SEQUEL NEXT NUMBER.]

* 1 Cor. xiii. 5. † Titus iii. 2.

EXCUSES ARE NO REMEDY.

Mary was very forgetful, and always found an excuse for having forgotten. One day she was going to school in the afternoon, when her mother told her to stop at an apothecary's on her return home, and

get some medicine for her little brother who was sick. "And be sure to come home as fast as you can," she added, as Mary ran out of the parlour. The clock struck five and mother began to listen anxiously for Mary's footsteps; but it wanted only twenty minutes of six when the little girl made her appearance.

"Where is the medicine?" asked her mother.

"O, mother! I forgot it," said Mary, looking very red and frightened.

"Why, Mary, you heard the Doctor say that little Henry must have it by half-past five, and now it is nearly six:—call Sarah immediately."

Now Mary was really very sorry for her little brother, whom she loved very much, but she could not go to call the girl before she had made some excuse for her neglect.

"Mother, it was not my fault: it was *you* forgot to tie a string round my finger; you know I can't remember without a string."

Her mother now rang the bell for the servant, but at the same time she said: "No, Mary, I did not forget the string; but I thought you could remember the medicine for little Henry without a string: poor child, he will suffer much for the want of it, I fear; and what will the Doctor think of his little sister forgetting such a thing as that?"

Now Mary felt very much troubled, but she did not feel sorry the right way; for instead of confessing how wrong she had done, she thought of another excuse, while her mother spoke to the servant. But before she could tell her mother of it, the little boy began to be very restless, his hands tossed to and fro in the air, and his face became quite dark. Now Mary was so frightened that she screamed out very loud; the servant had to go to the Doctor directly, and when he came, he asked at once, had the little boy taken the medicine at the proper time. And when he was told no, and why he had not, he gave Mary such a look!

I cannot go on to tell you how sick the little boy was all that night, and how much trouble and anxiety his mother had, which might have been prevented, if the medicine had been given him at the proper time.

And as to Mary, I do not want to tell you how she felt, but you had better sit still a while and think how she ought to have felt, and how she ought to have acted ever after that day. But if any of you are given to make excuses instead of frankly confessing your wrong, then take warning by her example, lest you suffer her pangs of shame and self-condemnation.

CHRISTIAN COMPOSURE.

A pious man sat one day at his table in a common hut in Surinam, when suddenly he felt round his neck a powerful snake which had slipped down from the thatch of the roof over his head, and threatened immediate suffocation by the pressure of its folds. The idea alone of suspicion which would attach to the strangers about him,

seized the sufferer; and a piece of chalk lying before him, he wrote upon the table the words: "A snake is strangling me." After this, he grasped the reptile with both his hands, and tore it from his neck, and fortunately succeeded in killing it. When his friends came at the noise to look after him, they found him delivered from his danger, but the awful situation in which he had just found himself as correctly chalked upon the table as ordinary men would enter the account of their day's earnings.

THE VACATION EXTRA.

QUEBEC, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28, 1843.

In coming before the public with this new-fashioned kind of periodical, the Editor presumes that an introductory paragraph will be looked for, not perhaps by the youthful readers to whom this publication is chiefly addressed, but by many of riper years who will take this first number in hand, just to see what kind of a thing it is that solicits the attention of the younger branches of their families. What is *his* about, to edit such a thing as this? Has he not irons enough in the fire?

Answer: Suppose it is a freak. But then the Editor's freaks stand in close connection with the work to which his affections cling. His thoughts and longings during the holidays will be distracted in their search for the numerous members of his young family scattered here and there; and as he cannot help thinking of them, he may just as well write for them, a kind Publisher being found who will print what he writes. There is a charm in knowing one'sself without a rival: so the Editor expects to be in this kind of enterprize, and he puts this additional iron into the fire, hoping it will be permitted to do smoothing work in the quarters which the Editor may reach during the six weeks set for its existence.

The Editor, moreover, has had experience, rather of a vexatious kind, but in some measure also of an encouraging nature, that it happens to him sometimes to make caps which, when scattered abroad, are found to fit people whom he never thought of, but who insist upon it that they were made for them. It may be that in the columns of this periodical some caps of this description will be discovered, and he hopes that those whom they fit well, will be content to wear them.

It will be understood from the title of this periodical, even as the Prospectus states, that its publication will be limited to the six weeks now commencing. The Editor's attention, after that period, will be so much required by urgent duties, and the primary inducement be so removed by the re-assembling of his young charge, that he cannot promise to himself to continue such an additional duty. It would be exceedingly gratifying, however, to him if the hint thrown out by this publication were taken up by some well qualified individual with leisure, and a weekly sheet of useful small

talk were sent forth into a number of families with branches round their tables; the encouragement which the Publisher may receive will perhaps have an influence upon future measures.

The attention of inventors is requested to the advertisement, on this page, respecting a Speaking Trumpet. The Editor is informed that the want of such an instrument is greatly felt, not only in all schools, but in numerous families, and the invention would certainly be a very profitable one.

Another advertisement will be found in these columns, which rather vexes the Editor. Perhaps the Publisher ought not to have taken it in at all, for we mean to be choice as to what we insert. But as it is there, the Editor will just say that if boys will make faces, they might just as well become monkeys at once. The advertiser's instructions will never enable them to make any thing of it, while they remain human beings, for it ever remains a vulgar thing in them. So it would be better they should give it up altogether.

MISSIONARY NEWS.

The Bishop of Calcutta was formerly Vicar of Islington, a large place close by London, and his son is the Vicar of it now; he has a little son again, who is the Bishop's grandson, you see, and he gets a letter now and then from his grandfather the Bishop: here is something out of two of them.

"There was one horrible idol, Kallee, fitly called the Destroyer, who was seated in the recess of an open temple. It was a huge figure of black, shining materials, her four hands were extended, one of them with a cup of poison, another stained with blood. O my dear grandboy, consider in what state the thousands and tens of thousands of immortal souls at Nuddea must be, when they worship this monstrous idol. Baskets of flowers were placed before her, and sacrifices (formerly human ones) are constantly offered. May the gracious, tender-hearted Saviour soon displace Kallee! Even children may pray to God that this may soon be the case."

"You cannot think, my dear grandboy, how sweetly the little heathens in the schools at Burdwan sing the praises of Jesus. Now I will tell you something. The Doctor drove me to a village near Bancoora, called Nirmanpore, the other day. This was, he says, a Thug village for many years. The people were all brought up to worship Kallee, and to consider every traveller, who had certain marks, as delivered over to death, and that they were the innocent instruments of executing the Deity's sentence. They brought home large spoils, lived quietly in general, were esteemed in the neighbourhood, diligent, obliging, useful. And they were extremely faithful in ordinary trusts, but yet on their distant expeditions, undertaken on purpose to kill and rob travellers, they were the coolest murderers. Such is Heathenism! Now, my grandson, compare with this Thug village, the little Christian one of eighty souls in the grounds at the Mission premises at Burdwan. An excellent Missionary and his wife live there. I visited them on Tuesday evening. A neat row of huts raised a little from the earth; gardens for each in front; a fine tank of water beyond the gardens; three rooms in each cottage; a little nice furniture, beds, tables, chairs, writing desk; a picture of Robert Hall, adorned one of the walls; the men and women came out as we passed. What is this child's name? "Theophilus," and this, "Abraham," and the third, "Sarah." What are your occupations? "A writer," "A tailor," "A carpenter." Thus the cleanliness, comfort,

diligence, and honest employment of English villages begin to appear. Over all this the Missionary presides. He has a charming aid in a young Catechist, named Rosario. There are four other heathen schools in as many villages, and he makes, besides, excursions in the proper seasons. I confirmed nine baptized adults yesterday. How thankful we ought to be for the Church Missionary Society! Let us pray to God, to send out more Missionaries to spread the knowledge of the blessed Saviour's name among the poor heathen!"

FROM THE JOURNAL KEPT BY THE REV. J. F. SCHÖN, ON THE RIVER NIGER IN WESTERN AFRICA.

Mr. Schön was on board a Steamer descending the river in order to get into a healthier climate, the greater number of the white officers and sailors having become very ill. One of the officers had become so sick as to be delirious; a person then is not able to judge of what he does: about midnight, on the 8th of October, he jumped into the river. "Thomas Guy, a black man, had the presence of mind to jump overboard from the quarter-deck, laid hold of him, and saved him; the current was running about four miles an hour. The boat was lowered, and both were brought back unhurt. Guy was offered a reward for risking his life to save that of his fellow-creature; but he nobly refused it, saying that he had done only what was his duty, and was not entitled to reward."

In a note to his book, Mr. Schön adds that Thomas Osmond, a native of the Kroo-country in Africa, likewise jumped after the officer. A Society in England which takes notice of people who help their fellows in times of danger, has sent out a silver medal for each of these two Africans.

YOUTH'S POLITICS.

There will be a great talk soon about Repeal, of which some of you will hear, and it is as well you should know what it means.

The United Kingdom comprises, as you know, two islands, Great Britain and Ireland. The laws for these are made by one Parliament, which always meets in London. The English send members whom they have chosen, to the House of Commons, so do the people of Scotland, and also those of Ireland. All these members meet together and consult about what is best for the country. Then there is the House of Lords, in which there are Irish Lords as well as English and Scotch; they also meet together and consult among themselves. When they and the House of Commons agree, they ask the consent of the Queen, and when they have got that, it makes the law complete, so that every body must obey it.

Now there are some persons who want the people of Ireland to have their House of Commons and their House of Lords to themselves in their own Island, without trying to agree with the people of England and Scotland in making laws. And so they are labouring to get up a great feeling against the Union of the two islands under one Parliament, and they say the English and Scotch may have their Parliament to themselves, and the Irish shall have one to themselves. They propose, therefore, that the law which united the Parliaments of Great Britain and Ireland in the year 1801, should be *repealed*. But nearly all the English and Scotch, and a great many of the Irish too, do not think that is to be desired at all; but that it is better to be

united, and for every one to give way a little to his neighbour, that they may get on comfortably together. So these are against Repeal; and now you and I must pray that God would make people settle this matter peaceably, and prevent the subjects of the same Queen from striving against each other.

The fighting in China is now over, and it is hoped there will be a very brisk trade from England to that country. You know we get our tea from China; but you must remember that for the tea which the English buy from the Chinese, something must be given by the English. Now if the Chinese require English cloth, cutlery, or other manufactured articles for their tea, that sets a great many people in England to work at their manufactures, and then they can live comfortably, clothe their children, send them to school, and let them learn a good trade again. That is the good of trade you must know: if there are many people to buy things, that sets many hands to work for them. Every body is happier when he has work to do than when no one employs him.

The war with the Affghauns is quite at an end; but there has been fighting with the Chiefs of Sciude: that is a country between Hindostan and Persia, at the mouth of the river Indus, where it falls into the Arabian sea.—Pray look at the map immediately, if you do not know very well where the countries lie that I write about.—The chiefs first formed a friendly agreement with the British Ambassador, then they treacherously attacked him, and he only just escaped out of their hands; after this, an army was sent against them, they were completely overcome, and the British have taken the country to themselves. Now I hope there will be peace in that part of the Queen's dominions. Oh that there was an end to war altogether!

God sometimes allows that by war the way is opened for those who preach peace. Christian missionaries have for a long time wished to get into China, to preach the gospel there, and the Emperor would not allow it: now the English have kept some places in China for themselves, where they give the missionaries all the liberty they want; and it will not be long, I think, before they can march right into the country and try to win the people of it for heaven. The Chinese call their country the Celestial (that is, the heavenly) Empire. Now it will not be heavenly until the Lord Jesus makes it so.

WANTED:—A SPEAKING TRUMPET of such power that when boys are spoken to through it, they need not be spoken to again. A fair price will be paid for a good article by Mr. WRINKLE, Master of the Grammar-School at Hardscrabble.

OFFERS HIS SERVICES:—A MONKEY. highly qualified to teach boys how to make faces. He knows there are some who try their skill at it, but they don't do it near so well as monkeys; they will find the advertiser an Instructor in their wants and disposition. For further particulars apply at the SHARPSHOOTER'S INN.

MY VACATION-JOURNEY IN SWITZERLAND.

It was not much time that I could allow myself; for after a year's pretty hard work in teaching, I wanted a few weeks to sit down at study, for which during Term-time I could find no leisure. I think you will find that out too: the older you grow, the more you see that you have to learn yet; and when you are grown men and women, it may be you will see more of the need of instruction than you do now. And you will think with pain then of every neglect of opportunities which you have had for instruction and study. Try to bear this in mind now.

Well, as I said, I had but little time to travel, and so I laid my plan only just to visit those points where something was to be learnt about schools, namely, Yverdon, where that old friend of children, Pestalozzi, was alive yet; Hofwyl, to see Mr. Wehrli, and Freiburg, the residence of Father Girard; these were three of the ablest school-men in Europe.

Switzerland is so mountainous that travelling by stage does not go much faster than walking; and to see the beauty of the country, one often likes to stop and to turn a little out of the high-road,—in short one likes to be independent: therefore a proper tour in Switzerland is made on foot. But you must have a change of linen, and your comb and brushes; and if you have a beard, you want your razor and strop too; now to carry all this, a Swiss traveller gets a little knapsack to strap to his shoulders, of just the same make as the soldiers wear; but in Switzerland and Germany they are generally made of skins with smooth hair outside. In your knapsack you may pack three shirts, a couple of collars, two pair of socks, three pocket-handkerchiefs, a pair of slippers and a pair of pantaloons, comb, hair-brush and tooth-brush; and do not forget pens, paper, and a tight ink-stand, so that you may take notes at every place where you halt. All this will make but a moderate load. A light coat is better than a jacket; your clothes must not be bleached white, else you will be afraid of soiling them when you wish to sit down on some of the rough seats you meet with; and I rather think you will many a time want to lie down or kneel on the rocks, and just forget every thing but the wonderful works of God that you see in mountain and valley around you.

So then I fitted myself with a knapsack well packed; some gold-pieces to pay my expenses, for they have no bank-notes in Switzerland, and silver is heavy; then with my umbrella instead of a walking-stick, I sallied forth early in the morning. I used at all times to be a good walker, but for some years I had been walking almost only on the pavements of Vienna and London, and it is quite a different thing travelling on the Swiss Chaussee, as they call the high-road. I set out with my usual brisk walk, and that was not the right way. A good roadster takes it easy at first, keeping

an even step like a soldier, making short stages the first two or three days, and he will hold out a great while. And if he means to have God's blessing on his journey, he will be sure to rest every Lord's day. He will want one resting-day certainly out of every seven, and it ought to be the one which is set apart by the command of God himself.

I walked as far as Moutier on the first day, which is about 30 miles from Basle, on the road to Neuchâtel. One of my feet began to be blistered towards the end of my day's journey, so that I walked painfully. But my good hostess soaped a thread of worsted, and with a darning-needle drew it right through the blister, leaving the worsted in the two holes which the needle made. This caused the water to run off and the pain to subside, so that I felt quite easy and fit for my tramp again the next morning.

I had received a note to introduce me to a gentleman at Court, a village at the foot of a high mountain which lay straight in my way to Beaujean; he procured me a guide with whom I commenced the ascent; this man was an old soldier, of the French Imperial army, now settled in his native country as a Police Officer. He relieved me of my burden by strapping my knapsack to his own shoulders, and entertained me with talk about war and battles. He had been at the storming of the city of Ratisbon, where I was at that time preparing lint and bandages for the wounded within the walls, and our house full of soldiers, who had found their way to us, to have their wounds dressed, my father being a surgeon. So we were good acquaintance immediately, and made our ascent sufficiently entertaining. When we were on the height, we could see at one view three Lakes: those of Biel, of Neuchâtel, and of Morat. I should have enjoyed the sight much, I suppose, if I had not thought of the formidable descent yet before me. This indeed was more painful than the climbing up; but I think my readers may let me rest on the mountain for a while, and they shall hear from me again in the next number.

(To be continued.)

NUTS TO CRACK.

In the list of things to go into your knapsack, as counted up in the "Vacation-Journey," one important article is omitted: try to think between this and the next day of publication, what that may be.

You have often heard the expression used: "It is as broad as it is long." Have you ever thought, how people came to use that expression? I will say something about it in the next number.

Now I should also like you to think, but you must do it with reverence, for the answer is to be taken from the Bible—What mother that was who loved her child so tenderly that she was willing to let another woman have it for her own.

Advertisements.

THE VACATION EXTRA,

[His Editor,]

A NEWSPAPER FOR YOUTH DURING THE HOLYDAYS,

Which will be continued for SIX WEEKS, commencing on the 28th June,

To be issued every Wednesday noon,

AND TO BE HAD AT

G. STANLEY'S, No. 15, BUADE-STREET, PRICE, ONE PENNY EACH NUMBER.

. Subscribers for the six numbers complete, may have them sent to their residences in town if desired.

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Including the latest Publications of the London Tract Society,

ARE now offered for Sale, at the Depository, Buade-Street, opposite the French Cathedral. Quebec, 6th June, 1843.

STAPLE

AND

FANCY STATIONERY, ENGRAVINGS, ETC. ETC.

THE undersigned takes this opportunity of acquainting his friends and the public, that he has received, in the course of the Spring, an extensive supply of superior Writing Papers, Ink, Quills, Steel Pens, Sealing Wax, Penknives, Black Lead Pencils, Fine Counting House Pencils, Drawing Papers and Drawing Materials, Mathematical Instruments, Parallel Rulers, round and flat Rulers, Telescopes, Globes, Maps, plain and colored, Maps of Palestine, mounted on rollers,

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Accordions, French, rosewood, with patent backs, S, 10, and 12 keys, do. do. do. with semi tones. Improved Accordion Tutors, with 40 different airs, Queen's Blotters, Embossed, cuemelled and gilt Visiting Cards, Card Cases, Roan, Morocco, Russia and Tortoise-shell, Camel hair, Fitch, and Sable Pencils, Colour Boxes, fine quality, Chalks in Cedar, Wolff's Fine Creta Pencils, various colours, Portable Writing Desks, Ladies' Work Boxes, Ivory Tablets, Ivory Knives, Folders and Reading Hooks, Ladies' Companions, Envelopes and Envelope Cases, Marking Ink, prepared by R. B. Ede, the nearest article in the trade, Papeteries—Packets of French Fancy Note Papers, Envelopes and Waifers, in ornamented boxes, Ivory Paper Memorandums, Metallic Pencils, assorted, Silk Purses, Silk Taste, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Combs, and A VARIETY OF OTHER ARTICLES.

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G. STANLEY.

QUEBEC, JUNE 28, 1843.

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THE VACATION EXTRA.

"FROM A CHILD THOU HAST KNOWN THE HOLY SCRIPTURES, WHICH ARE ABLE TO MAKE THEE WISE UNTO SALVATION."

2nd Tim. iii. 15.

No. II.]

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5, 1843.

[PRICE 1D.

POETRY.

THE MOUNTAIN RILL.

A FABLE.

A mountain streamlet, wild and gay,
Came sparkling on its noisy way,
Dancing with rapid steps along,
Singing the while a merry song
To birds, and flowers, and idle bees,
Who chanced to pause upon the breeze;
And heeding neither rank nor station,
Nor anything in all creation,
But wildly racing onward still,
Left far behind its native hill.

When first from out the rock it came,
'Twas far more tractable and tame;
Through bush and brier moved gently down,
Awed by a single cloudlet's frown;
And seemed so soft, so mild, so sweet,
One loved its rippling face to meet,
And often in the sultry day,
Paused in the wood to watch its way.

But soon the little mountain rill
Forgot 'twas but a streamlet still,
Thought, as it wider grew, and stronger,
That it must be a child no longer,
But must with bolder step each day,
Move forward on its glorious way.
So leaving all the modest grace,
That once was seen upon its face,
And scorning to be thought so young,
Began at once to use its tongue;
Sang to each flower it chanced to see,
A highland song right merrily,
And laughed and sparkled as the light
Fell on its breast in diamonds bright,
And thought, poor thing, (Oh, silly notion!)
'Twas quite as famous as the ocean.

Thus many a mile, and many a day,
It danced along its pleasant way,
Nor deemed that aught of earth or air,
Could with itself at all compare;
Till suddenly before its eyes
The waves of a broad river rise,
And almost frantic with delight,
Finds with this stream it must unite.

But first the brink it nears with care,
To examine if the stranger wear
A face of smiling welcome still,
To greet a little mountain rill;
When lo, the River-spirit's voice,
Bids rather tremble than rejoice.
"Another teasing stream," he said,
"Comes leaping from its mountain bed,
And I, already broad and strong,
Must take the idle thing along,
And help it onward, till the sea
Shall take the burden off from me.
Ho! little rill, don't keep me, pray,
But jump in here without delay,
And mind you play no silly jokes
Or boyish pranks, with older folks:
With me, such tiny streams must flow
In silence and respect, you know:
So jump in here without delay,
I cannot wait for you all day."
Alas, the streamlet! Soon is lost
The naughty pride it once could boast;

In haste and fear its waters dash
Down the steep bank with horrid crash,
And in a single moment more,
Are lost amid the river's roar.

There's nothing in a child we see
That pleases like *humility*;
Had this poor rill passed softly on,
Hiding its waters from the sun
And rippling quietly along,
With no rude step or noisy song,
Perhaps 'twould ne'er have met the hour,
It felt the River-spirit's power,
But gentle, tractable and mild,
(Conduct best suited to a child,)
Had happily pursued its way,
Beloved, and cherished, day by day.
For youth and childhood always are
Most sweet in modest garb by far,
And more such tempers do we prize,
Than rosy cheeks or sparkling eyes.

M. N. M.

(From the New York Children's Magazine.)

FOR THE EXTRA.

ST. TIMOTHY'S HALL,

3d July, 1843.

Dear Scholars,

If, as I entreated you in my last address, you give the Saviour your hearts, you will be desirous of having communication with him; for such is always our manner when we love any one: we should like to hear of him, to talk with him, and if it were possible we should like ever to be with him we love.

The Saviour provides for this, that you may hear of him constantly. The whole Bible is a message from him to you. He caused it to be written, he has provided instruction for you to learn reading, and he has opened liberty for you to read the Bible. Now then you are to open this holy book with affections similar to those which are in your heart when you open a letter from your friends at a distance: you know they desire your happiness, but they do not know so well what will make you happy as the Saviour knows. You can depend upon no person upon earth as you may depend upon the Saviour. Every message he sends has wisdom in it and goodness; and if you do not know at the moment what good it is to do you, keep it in mind, for a time which will come. It will be of use yet to you.

You are at liberty also to send messages to the Saviour. How can that be? Well, you need not be in trouble about a messenger. He hears at once what you say to him, even though you were not to speak loud, but only have the thought lively in your heart. But it is quite right you should

speak loud, at proper times, when you want converse with the Saviour; you need not make noise, nor let people hear it, but in secret and with great reverence is the way to do it. You know very well I mean prayer. If you love the Saviour well, you will not be satisfied without praying to him.

But you are young; how are you to pray? Well, if you do not know how, there are many very beautiful prayers in print, which you may read upon your knees, and at every sentence make sure that you feel exactly what the prayer says, and that will make the prayer your own. But you will often want to tell the Saviour about things which you do not find in the printed books, and therefore it is necessary you should find out the way to tell him about these; that is not difficult neither. You always know how to ask me about any thing you want, and to tell me about what you wish me to know: the Saviour understands much more readily than I; so you need not be in trouble about that matter. Only let your heart move, and the words will come right enough.

I will tell you how two very little friends of mine prayed, many years ago, who were younger than any of you; and yet they prayed so that any body could understand, and quite to the purpose. The one was a little boy who had an older boy to be his friend at school; he saw and heard his friend at prayer often, and the first time he prayed by himself, this is what he said: "Oh dear Saviour, I have often wished to pray, and have never been able, and now I am trying and do not know what to say, and I am very sorry for it. Amen."

Now you see, this seems quite easy, and I am sure the Lord liked that prayer very well, and the little boy soon learned to say much more to the Lord.

The other was a little girl who had a godfather that often visited her parents and was very kind to her, but thought she was too little for him to talk to her about her soul. Her little brother had a godfather who never came without taking his godson between his knees and talking to him about the Saviour and his love to children, and about the soul of his little godson. Then the family used to gather round, and be all very still, and listen to what the good man said, and the little boy used to be thoughtful some time after.

Now one day the little girl was heard to pray thus:—"Please God make little girl's godfather talk to little girl like what little brother's godfather talk to little brother." This, I tell you, was as real a prayer as ever

was offered, and went to the Saviour's heart, you may depend upon it.

I think I shall write to you again; for this time

Dear Scholars, I conclude, remaining
Yours, with best wishes,

THE PRINCIPAL.

SELECTIONS.

BE SLOW TO JUDGE OF OTHERS.

(Concluded from the 1st number.)

I promised in the last number of the Magazine, to tell its readers what passed between me and the young man who behaved so strangely. I asked him, you remember, at what he had thrown his hat? "At a spider," said he. "A spider?" said I. "I have seen spiders on the ground,—and I have seen them weaving their snares to catch the poor flies about the windows and walls of houses,—and I have seen them, or things much like them, skipping over the surface of the brooks. But can there be spiders in the air?" "Yes, there are. Do you observe," he continued, as he took me by the arm and carried me up to one of the posts by the road-side, "a number of fine cobwebs attached here and floating off into the atmosphere?" "Yes," said I, "I catch sight of them every moment or two as they glitter in the sun; and I have noticed them waving in this way from the tops of all the posts along the fence, and from the twigs of every bush that I have passed in my walk." "It is just so," he replied. "They are spun by a different spider from the common one. Have you ever had the curiosity to try how long they were?" "No," said I, "it never came into my head." "Well," said he, "that was just what I was about when you first saw me. I placed myself by the fence, and selecting one of those lines, began to haul it in, and had pulled in a great many yards of it without coming to the end. I was so taken up that I did not observe that any body was watching me. Before it was all in, one of the spiders came floating in the air over my head. Being very curious to see what kind of a thing it was, I made chase after it, and as he was out of my reach, I threw my hat at him." "That explains it all," said I; "do you know that I thought at first you were a little crazy?" He laughed at the idea of being taken for a madman. "But how do these spiders sail about so in the air when they have no wings? being heavier than the air, they would naturally fall to the ground." "Their threads," said he, "serve them instead of wings; they are so light that they support them, just as bladders full of air support boys in the water. When one of these creatures has a mind for a voyage through the air, he manages thus. He chooses some delightful day like this, when the sun is warm, and there is every little while a gentle breeze. Having attached his thread to the end of a twig, he springs out a foot or two and hangs by it, just as you have seen some spider hanging half way down from the ceiling.

Directly there comes a little wind that raises him up and floats him; then he spins more thread, which being very light, and the more light the more there is of it, at last carries him up into the air. Every breath of wind that comes is an opportunity for adding to the length of his line; and so he goes on spinning and spinning until he reaches the top of some high tree, where his journey ends." "Is this his object?" I asked. "It is certain that in this way these little creatures transport themselves to a considerable height; but besides this, it is probable they find a great deal of pleasure in it. God, who is so good, made his creatures for enjoyment, and who can tell how much one of these wingless travellers of the air may have of it, as he mounts upwards and floats about in the warm bright sun such a charming day as this. He is as happy as if the creation were made expressly for him. The sun shines as if to give him warmth, the wind seems to moderate its breath, on purpose that it may not break his slender thread, and to stir just so much as to keep it moving lazily to and fro." "Yes," said I, "it is pleasant only to see this gossamer curving and bending from side to side—no mother rocks its sleeping infant more gently. I can easily imagine the spider at the end of it enjoying the motion, and delighting in the weather, which makes me feel happy without any thing else." "It is a pleasant thought to me," observed my friend (for I had taken a liking to him already,) that there are so many of these happy insects. You find their threads every where, and you cannot help believing that they are numerous, when you see how thick they are in the sky: for after a day or two they break, and the wind carries them about, until they grow heavy with rain or mist, and so come down. Now if you take the right way of looking for them you will see immense numbers. Place yourself with your face towards the sun, take off your hat and hold it so as to secure your eyes from its rays, and then look up into the air." I did as he desired, and saw a great many borne rapidly along, some low and others very high, higher than the top of a steeple; and as he said, they seemed to fill the sky.

I quitted my friend, thanking him for having taught me something new. And as I walked home, I could not but meditate upon the goodness of the Great Creator, and his wisdom too; for if any body had asked me if I could contrive a way for spiders to mount up into the air, to the tops of trees, I should have answered, "no, the thing is impossible; nothing that is heavier than the air can go through it without wings."

The next Sunday after this, as I read a verse from the Psalter in the course of the service, I thought of the flying spider, and it had a meaning that I never saw before: "O Lord, how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all."

F. E.

(From the New York Children's Magazine.)

* Gossamer—spider's thread.

When Nathanael Bowditch was twenty-one years old, he went in a ship to India; during the voyage he voluntarily offered to instruct every one of the sailors who was willing to learn, and he found all of them willing: after many years it was discovered that every one of the sailors on board that ship became afterwards Captain of a ship himself.

THE VACATION EXTRA.

QUEBEC, WEDNESDAY, JULY 5, 1843.

It is the common practice among Editors of periodicals in their Leading Articles to speak of themselves as if each of them were plenty people: *we* have been told—*we* are of opinion—*we* lay it down—*we* call upon our readers. This probably is very suitable for the readers they have in view. But it will not do for those of the *Vacation Extra*. The Editor who writes for them is eminently *Singular*, and therefore calls himself downright I; he will address his readers most effectively that way.

I express my satisfaction at the communications furnished by my intimate friend the Principal of St. Timothy's Hall. It is my prayer and my hope that readers, whatever seminaries of education they may belong to, will consider his counsels to be directed to them. The custom of giving holidays at this time of the year arises from various causes, but is in the main designed as a kindness which parents wish to show their children. It might justly be expected that children would return love and gratitude for this proof of their parents' kindness. But in too many cases it is found that by the suspension of their ordinary labours, youth become unsteady, self-willed, boisterous, and hard to govern; parents discover this to their grief during holidays, and teachers find it out when school commences again. This ought not so to be. My friend of St. Timothy's, I perceive, is endeavouring to provide against it. Love towards the Saviour, and the habit of prayer will effectually guard the young scholar against the evils we know to surround him; may the publication of this paper help somewhat towards establishing this guardianship around its readers?

The Principal leads us to expect another letter from him, and I will positively look for it. I will make bold also to hope that his letters will be read and weighed by fathers and mothers as well as by the young to whom they are immediately addressed. The Principal makes it his recreation to follow his pupils into their weeks of relaxation and amusement with advice and entreaty which are to make them good sons and daughters by making them the Saviour's lambs and followers; he may look for sympathy and aid from those without whose co-operation his distant voice would have little abiding effect. Let the word holidays be restored to the original meaning from which it has been strangely perverted: days holy—they need not be sad and gloomy, but hallowed by a pervading regard to christian duties and privileges.

MISSIONARY NEWS.

You would not suppose that an old church can be taken down and a new one built in the place of it, in one week. But that is the way they did last year at the village of Kent, in the Colony of Sierra Leone in Africa, where the Rev. Mr. Graf of the Church Missionary Society is stationed as missionary. They had a house there in which school was kept during the week, and public worship performed on the Lord's day. It had been in use three years, when it began to look as if it would soon fall, for it was only built of rough posts fixed in the ground, without stone foundation I suppose, thin lathing cross-wise from one post to the other, and then the earth, dug up and moistened, was stuck on instead of plaster. There are numbers of ants which eat the posts under ground, and therefore three years are quite long enough for a house of this kind to stand. The roof is constructed of round poles, just as they come from the woods, for beams and rafters, and grass, instead of shingling. The grass, you must know, grows so high there that in riding through it, I could sometimes see a head and shoulders coming towards me, but nothing lower down until we were close to each other, and then the grass trodden down, there appeared the whole man and a poney under him. I looked the same to the horseman that met me. So you may imagine that this high grass makes very good thatch.

Well, Mr. Graf gave notice, on Sunday the 23d of January, that all who had children in the school, or who felt that they were getting good in the Sunday-School or at divine worship, were expected to give two days' labour each. One day was to be given that same week for the purpose of collecting the materials, and the other during the week following, to take down the old place and set up the new.

On Monday the headmen of the different parties of people in the village were called to Mr. Graf, in order to see that they would work unitedly. These headmen are not put in office by the Governor, but they have acquired influence each upon the people who speak his own African language, by sound judgment and good character. Each of them then summoned his own people, and they went to the work with perfect order, each voluntarily submitting to the orders which were given, when no one could have compelled them to work at all. Day after day, parties came in, bringing posts, beams, rafters, and thatch. On Saturday, all the materials were on the spot.

On Sunday the 30th, divine service and Sunday-school were held once more in the old house. On Monday the people took it down, by Saturday the new house was built, and on the 6th of February the Lord's day services were held in it.

Now Mr. Graf, like a hearty workman that makes the best of very indifferent materials, writes in good spirits of this work; but to let you look a little into missionary life, I will just tell you that it is hard work to preach and keep school in one of these

grass-huts which they can build in a week. In dry weather they are very hot, in wet they are damp, and it requires great exertion to preach in them, because the sound does not readily travel to the other end of the hut. Much better churches have been built at some of the other stations in Sierra Leone, but then they were not finished in a week. I hope, Kent also will soon have a more convenient house for worship. In the meantime, may he in his grass-hut meet with refreshing tokens of divine favour attending his labours, and many of his people in their poverty unite with understanding hearts in singing together with him:

Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat,
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallowed ground.

YOUTH'S POLITICS.

I will say a little more about the trade with China. I told you that it is good for us, if the Chinese purchase plenty of our manufactures, because it gives employment to our people. But perhaps you may be told that the Chinese do not take manufactures; they require Spanish Dollars for their tea: and then some people may say, it is bad to let hard cash go out of the country for the goods which we want from the Chinese. Now don't be alarmed about that; just think a moment, how the English get the Spanish Dollars to send to China and buy things with. Why, the English manufacture goods and carry them to Spain, or to Mexico and South America, where the silver is dug out of the mines and made into dollars; they bring back dollars for their goods, then go with them to China and get the goods of the Chinese. So it is only a little round about, but it is nearly as broad as it is long. I dare say the Chinese themselves will buy more manufactured goods by and by.

I wish you to get rid of the notion that is in many people, as if the dollars themselves were riches. It is not the dollars, but the useful things that you can buy for them that are riches. It is often thought that if a country has much gold and silver, the people of that country are very rich. But it is not so. If these people have not good clothes to wear, food to eat, houses to live in, and furniture to use in their houses, the sooner they exchange their gold and silver for these things, the better. The Mexicans, who dig the silver out of the mines, are not near so well off as the English who have to get all their silver from other countries by doing work for them.

Now you may just think a little for yourselves. A man comes in one of these ships and brings nothing with him but his clothes and a silver cup worth 30 shillings; but he finds work, and so he rents an empty room to live in. Would he be rich by keeping the silver cup to drink his water out of, while he has to squat down on the floor when he is tired, or had he better buy a glass tumbler for six pence, and spend the twenty-nine shillings and six pence in buying a table, a chair, a bed, and other little

things that he will be constantly in want of? You know what answer to give, directly. The silver was very convenient to keep, as long as he did not want the furniture, because silver can any moment be sold for notes, and the notes will buy the furniture. But the silver makes people rich only in so much as it represents the value of the goods which can be bought for it as soon as they are wanted.

THE NUTS CRACKED.

(See fourth page of the first number.)

It is an important article indeed that I have omitted to mention; and now I wish that those may feel a little ashamed who tried to think and never thought of the right one: a Pocket-Bible. Make room for that, and let it always be the last thing to put in, and the first to take out of your knapsack. You require God's word as surely as you want your meat and drink; you could not do without these, then be not content to go without the other.

"It is as broad as it is long."—People say so, when two ways of doing a thing are proposed, and they see no difference, whichever they may choose. I do not know how they have come to use the expression, but I could not help thinking of it, when I found how the people called Timmanees, on the western coast of Africa, go to work in trading. They sell camwood, which they cut in short pieces, about half the length of what people here bring for firewood to the market: a quintal of camwood for so and so many fathoms of blue cotton cloth. Now the man that buys the wood, measures the fathom of cloth by stretching out his two arms, and the length from his right fingers to his left fingers makes a fathom. A little man with short arms might therefore fancy he would get the wood very cheap, because his fathom of cloth will be quite short. But when the Timmanee man delivers the camwood, he makes the little man stand with his legs asunder, fills up the space between them with camwood, and that is reckoned a quintal. As the man with short arms is sure also to have legs to suit, he gets as much less wood as he has given less blue cloth, and so the thing really "is as broad as it is long."

For the answer to the question about the mother who loved her child so tenderly that she was willing to let another woman have it for her own, you may read the account of her in 1st Kings iii, v. 16 to 27; and you will be very glad to find that the mother kept her child after she was willing to give it up.

Now a Bible-question to answer, against next week:—Which is the greatest among all those who are called Apostles in the New Testament?

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MY VACATION-JOURNEY IN SWITZERLAND.

(Continued from the 1st Number.)

The descent. I have told you, was more painful even than climbing the mountain, because after such hard work, you do not go skipping lightly downwards, but you get hard thumps when you take good, long steps, and your legs are too fatigued for many short ones. However, I got down at last, and at half-past twelve arrived at Beaujean. After taking refreshment, I proceeded on foot again, but gladly availed myself of a cart which overtook me on the road, to get a lift in, as far as Biel; from that I walked again to Nidau, then crossed the Bieler-Lake (*Lac de Bienné*) to Neuville, and here I rested for the night.

On the following morning I set out, much refreshed and in excellent walking-order. I was now drawing near to a Seminary for young ladies, conducted by members of the interesting community called the United Brethren, or more commonly, Moravians; they also go by the name of Herrnhuters, because their chief settlement is at Herrnhut in Silesia, where 121 years ago the commencement was made in cutting down the forest to prepare habitations and fields for the support of the devout Bible-Christians who could not find liberty to worship God in spirit and in truth under the oppressive governments of Moravia and Bohemia. They formed a beautiful village there, then more and more in different parts of Germany, England, and America; they established missions among the heathens, and in all parts bestowed great attention upon the religious education of youth. Their boarding-schools were soon chosen by godly parents of various churches for the training of their children, just because they knew that the principles of the Bible would be inculcated, and the pupils encouraged to make religion their personal concern, to pray to God and give their hearts to him. Montmirail, the Seminary towards which I was now travelling, stands alone, not in a village; it accommodates fifty boarders who are divided into four classes and have eight teachers. In going over the establishment I was exceedingly pleased by seeing how well simplicity is here combined with elegance. I did not see all the colours of the rainbow upon any one of the young ladies, and yet they all looked as neat as if they had met for company. I was kept to dinner, where I saw the whole, large family assembled, and I lifted up my heart to God with gratitude, to see such a number of young minds, from different parts of Germany, Switzerland, and France, brought under the influence of pious instructors whose aim, while endeavouring to bring them up to respectability in this life, was mainly to guide them into the way to heaven.

Before I set out to prosecute my journey, the Principal took me into his apartment, from which he showed me the Neufchatel Lake, and three ranges of mountains on the other side: the first appeared green,

the second blue, the most remote snow-white; at the utmost extremity, the Mont Blanc lifted up its icy head. I stood, struck with admiration and delight at the scene before me; then turned with greater pleasure yet to express my gratitude for the kind and hospitable reception which God's noblest work, man, had given me under this roof; the Principal accompanied me as far as the next village, and we separated in an affectionate manner.

At six, I arrived at Neufchatel. Most of the people hereabout are either possessors of vineyards or dressers of them. The latter have not work all the year round, and the season when nothing is to be done is the worst for them, because idleness is so bad. I made inquiry whether they carried on any kind of work, such as weaving, carding, spinning, or the like, when there is none in the vineyards, but I could not learn that they did. There are possessors of small vineyards, who do not keep a wine-press, but the plan is that they deliver their grapes by measure to a man who owns a press, and he undertakes to deliver again a certain measure of juice for the measure of grapes. I have often thought that our maple-sugar might be much improved, and a great deal of time and material saved, if the people could agree to bring their juice to one large boiler, where the mode of doing the work would be more studied, better article produced, and as much labour be done by one or two men, as is commonly by fifty, who boil their small quantities under so many different trees or sheds scattered over a whole neighbourhood.

On the following morning I set out again, following the western border of the Lake; I made a good long halt to rest myself and to dine at St. Aubin, and in the evening arrived at Yverdon, situated just at the southern extremity of the Lake. At this place was the residence of the celebrated Pestalozzi.

(To be continued.)

✂ The Anniversary of the CHURCH SOCIETY for the Diocese of Quebec, will be held to-day, at the National School-Room, to commence at Two o'clock. The objects of the Society are very extensive and of great importance.

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[HisL Editor,]

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NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE,

On the most reasonable terms.

QUEBEC:—Printed and Published by GILBERT STANLEY, No. 15, BUADE-STREET, Bible and Tract Depository, opposite the French Church.

THE VACATION EXTRA.

"FROM A CHILD THOU HAST KNOWN THE HOLY SCRIPTURES, WHICH ARE ABLE TO MAKE THEE WISE UNTO SALVATION."

2nd Tim. iii. 15.

No. III.]

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1843.

[PRICE 1d.]

POETRY.

THE CONQUEROR'S GREATNESS.

1. *Son.* How big was Alexander, Pa,
That people call him great?
Was he, like old Goliath, tall—
His spear an hundred weight?
Was he so large that he could stand
Like some tall steeple high;
And while his feet were on the ground,
His hands could touch the sky?
2. *Fath.* O no, my child : about as large
As I or uncle James.
'Twas not his *stature* made him great,
But greatness of his *name*.
3. *Son.* His *name* so great? I know 'tis long,
But easy quite to spell—
And more than half a year ago
I knew it very well.
4. *Fath.* I mean, my child, his *actions* were
So great, he got a name,
That every body speaks with praise,
That tells about his fame.
5. *Son.* Well, what great actions did he do?
I want to know them all.
6. *Fath.* Why, he it was that conquered Tyre,
And levelled down her wall :
And thousands of her people slew—
And then to Persia went—
And fire and sword on every side
Through many a region sent.
A hundred conquered cities shone
With midnight burnings red—
And, strewed o'er many a battle ground,
A thousand soldiers bled.
7. *Son.* Did *killing people* make him great?
Then why was Abdel Young,
Who killed his neighbour, training day,
Put into jail and hung?
I never heard them call *him* great.
8. *Fath.* Why, no—'twas not in war—
And him that kills a single man,
His neighbours all abhor.
9. *Son.* Well then, if I should kill a man,
I'd kill a HUNDRED more;
I should be GREAT, and not get hung
Like Abdel Young, before.
10. *Fath.* Not so, my child, 'twill never do :—
It is against God's word.
11. *Son.* Then they that *kill* and they that *praise*,
Do not obey the Lord.
12. *Fath.* You know, my child, the Bible says,
That you must always do
To other people, as you wish
To have them do to you.

13. *Son.* But, Pa, did Alexander wish
That some strong man would come
And burn his house, and kill him too,
And do as he had done?
And every body calls him GREAT
For killing people so!
Well, now, what *right* he had to kill,
I should be glad to know.
If one should burn the buildings here,
And kill the folks within—
Would any body call him great,
For such a wicked thing?

FOR THE EXTRA.

ST. TIMOTHY'S HALL,
10th July, 1843.

Dear Scholars,

As I have assumed in my last letter that you love the Saviour, and that this love brings you to desire prayer and to live in the practice of it, I address you now upon one of the Saviour's demands; love is to make this and every other commandment from him pleasant.

He requires of you to remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy; during the Vacation as well as in Term-time; and in the country as well as in town. I say expressly, the Saviour requires this of you; for though you read this commandment in the Old Testament, when it was given to the children of Israel who did not know yet the Saviour, yet after the Lord Jesus rose from the dead, he sanctified to his disciples the day of his resurrection as that one out of the seven which they were to keep holy. Two weeks, one after another, he appeared to them on the first day of the week, as they were gathered together for worship: then did the disciples understand that the day might be changed from the seventh to the first day of the week, but that one day out of seven must still be given to the Lord as the Christian Sabbath; and now the fourth commandment has double force, being given by God from Mount Sinai in remembrance of the creation, and also claimed by the Lord Jesus in remembrance of his resurrection.

That day now, dear Scholars, is to be kept holy to the Lord by you, and I think with pain of the many temptations which some of you may have, to neglect this sacred duty. Away from your Sunday-school and perhaps from any church, the hours of the Lord's day may seem to drag heavily, if you are not to give them to play. But now I remind you that you are written to as Scholars, who may be expected to take in hand a book and spend an hour or two in reading and study of your own accord; and I

entreat you to consider what you are to think of yourselves, if it were found that you cannot observe the Lord's day suitably unless you "be kept in with bit and bridle," as David says in the 32nd Psalm. If this letter commenced with "Dear little kittens," it would be quite plain that it were of no use to talk of observing the Lord's day; but it speaks to my "Dear Scholars," and I may look for better things from those whom I call by that name.

I should like very much to get you to consider with great seriousness, now and then, what it is that makes the difference between you and the young animals that you see about you. I suppose you are all very fond of little puppies, young colts, lambs, and kittens; and so am I too. They are nearly as amusing at their play as boys and girls, and more so than some, for they never quarrel. But you expect to be reckoned somewhat better than these young things; and why? You have an understanding with which you work out things which they cannot work out, and you have a heart with which to embrace that which they cannot reach with their thoughts. You know much of God, and they know nothing of him at all. They can only fear and love their master on earth; you can love and fear Him who is Lord and Master over heaven and earth and all things therein. Now, dear Scholars, when you think, speak, and act in the fear and love of God, then you reckon yourselves above the brute things that skip about the fields and yards; and when you leave God out of your thoughts, and words, and works, then you let yourself down to a level with them, though you know them to be below you.

And remember that it is not safe for you to let yourselves down from your worth as boys and girls. God will require an account of you, how you have done with the talent of understanding and heart which He has given you. Prepare, dear Scholars, for a cheerful account. As Scholars, learn of the Saviour who invites you, as you know from the 11th chapter of St. Matthew. Take up His yoke readily and you will find it easy; bear His burden with a good will, and He will make it light. Learn to be like Him, meek and lowly of heart; and He will give rest to your souls.

I pray that God may give you grace to seek for heavenly wisdom and to keep it; and I remain,

Dear Scholars,
with sincere affection, yours,

THE PRINCIPAL.

SELECTIONS.

INDUSTRY TAUGHT BY BIRDS AND FISHES.

Seating myself once upon a log by the side of an Indian who was resting himself there, I observed to him that he must be very fond of work, for I never saw him idling away his time, as is common with the Indians. His answer made a great impression upon my mind. I have remembered it ever since, and I shall try to relate it as nearly in his own words as possible.

"My friend, the fishes in the water, and the birds of the air have taught me to work. When I was a young man, I loitered about a good deal, doing nothing, just like other Indians. Like them I used to say that working is only for the white man and the black, but that the red man is made to hunt the deer, and to catch the beaver, the otter, and the raccoon. But one day, while hunting, I came to the bank of the Susquichannah, where I sat down near the water's edge to rest a little: I looked down to the bottom of the clear water, and there I saw the little sunfish busy heaping small stones together, to make secure places for their spawn; and they did their work with their mouth and body, for they had no hands to work with.

"This gave me much to think; I lighted my pipe then and sat smoking and looking on, till the singing of a little bird not far from me made me look that way: as I tried to find out the songster, its mate, with as much grass as it could hold in its bill, passed close by me, and flew into a bush; then I saw the two birds very busy in building their nest, singing as their work went on. I was so much struck by this new sight that I entirely forgot I was hunting. The birds had no hands any more than the fishes, yet they worked with all their might, and seemed to be very happy the same time. I became lost in wonder. When I looked at myself, I saw two long arms, and hands to them with fingers and joints to open and shut at pleasure. I took hold of a twig and held it fast; I let it go again, plucked leaves, and laid them in rows. As I stepped one side, I began to think how my legs carried me where I pleased, up the high mountains, and down into the deep valleys.

"And can it be, said I then, that any man was made for no better work than what the Indians do? The birds, with nothing but their little bills for tools, and the fishes with their mouths, put things in order for use, and I do nothing but hunt? I will try to do work for use. So I went away from other red men, sought a spot of good land, built a cabin on it, made fences, sowed corn, and raised cattle. Ever since that time I have had sound sleep and good health, and enough to eat all the year round. Sometimes red men come to me very hungry, and I give them what I can spare, and bid them learn from the birds and the fishes, if they did not like to learn from me, that they must work for use, if they want to be happy."

(From an American paper.)

DANCING, HOW INNOCENT!

In the small town of Sprudelbach, which is remarkable for correctness of morals, sobriety of manners, and diffusion of intelligence, two brothers had acquired extensive influence. Their remarkably well brought up sons and daughters, all very handsome, clever, and genteel, were the life of every party of recreation. Their names were Ritter.

It came to pass, that some of the young folks in the town began to wish for the introduction of dancing into their meetings for amusement. But the young Ritters so well understood duty towards parents, and were so fully persuaded, moreover, of their fathers' wisdom and kindness, that it was vain to expect their entering into the plan, unless the two old gentlemen could be won to approve of it. Endeavours were accordingly used; and after a while it was understood that all hesitation had ceased, and a dancing party would be held under the express sanction of the influential brothers. Cards of invitation were actually received on the afternoon of a day appointed for the meeting of a numerous circle.

In the evening, the ladies and gentlemen were seen to meet in all the flush of delight at the victory which had been achieved over narrow-minded prejudice against innocent amusement. "Well, Miss Zeisig, I hope I shall have the favor of your dancing with me next week?" "It will give me pleasure, Mr. Finke; and I think the oval saloon will make a beautiful ball-room." "The oval saloon? but that is at Mr. William Ritter's; the party is to be at his brother's." "You are mistaken; the invitation is from Mr. William Ritter." The conversation was joined in by others; and all faces lengthened, upon the discovery that the whole of the young ladies were invited to dance in Mr. William Ritter's oval saloon, on the same evening that all the young gentlemen were asked to have the same innocent amusement in the square drawing-room of his brother George.

Now there was looking on, a Mr. Scharfschütz, an old bachelor, who being a very good natured fellow, and a known well-wisher to young people, was generally welcome to be at their parties for recreation. When the conversation had subsided into rather an awkward silence, he rose and stated, he had received an invitation signed by the two brothers Ritter, authorizing him to join either or both of the parties next week, and see how they enjoyed themselves: but it was his intention to decline, and signify to the two gentlemen that he held dancing to be a very questionable amusement under any circumstances whatever; and he would be glad, if others who had received invitations would support him by following the same course.

Doubts had by this time sprung up in the minds of the young people upon the innocence of the amusement in question; they entirely concurred in the view taken by their elderly friend, and adopted his course.

And the young folks of Sprudelbach are to this time as lively, intelligent, and genteel a set of people as you are likely to meet with any where, altogether without dancing.
(From the Marietta Gazette.)

THE VACATION EXTRA.

QUEBEC, WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1843.

On Wednesday of last week, the Church Society for the Diocese of Quebec, held its first Anniversary at the National School Room, the Lord Bishop of Montreal presiding. The Report of proceedings since the establishment of the Society last year was read, and a series of Resolutions passed, in support of which several interesting addresses were delivered. Times have been very hard, people say, since last year, so that a great deal could not be done in asking for help, but there seems to have been money enough subscribed that one or two missionaries may be appointed at the Society's expense, as soon as fit men are found for this service.

The Gentlemen who spoke to the meeting, called upon the members of the Church for exertions now to supply funds with which to pay what is required for the work taken in hand by the Society. Missionaries are to be sent, Churches built, Bibles, Prayer-Books, and Tracts bought or printed; all this costs money. Now I suppose money will be given, but a greater want will soon be felt: the Society will require men to go out as missionaries. Will not some who read the Extra inquire in their own hearts, whether they might not give themselves as a donation to the cause of missions? I mean, whether they ought not to choose the ministry as their work, as soon as they shall be old enough. Some of those who take to heart the instructions of my friend, the Principal of St. Timothy's Hall, they are the scholars that might put the question to themselves; and though they may be too young now to begin studying for the ministry, they may begin at once to love their Bible-lessons best; and when they are asked what they want to become, they may say they do not know yet what God will call them to: these scholars will now learn diligently just every good thing they are taught, for it will all be of some use in the ministry; and if God puts into their hearts a desire for the souls of men at the time when they must choose a profession, they may say to the Lord, as Isaiah said: "Here am I, Lord, send me." (6th Isaiah 8.) And then they will say, they want to study for the ministry; and if their parents cannot find the means to let them study so long and earn nothing towards their living, then the Church Society will find the means to keep them at their studies. Only first of all let the heart be right with God.

The readers of the Extra probably understand that the objects of the Church Society are confined to the wants of the

Diocese of Quebec, which comprises what used formerly to be called Lower Canada. There are millions of souls in other countries for whom Christians pray when they ask of God "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." And many christian people feel it their duty to help towards sending missionaries to these countries; to the heathen, the mohammedans, and the Jews wherever they are to be found. Thus have arisen Foreign Missions, which have done more good than can be reckoned, in all parts of the world; and there is abundance of good yet to be done.

And it is a remarkable fact that in proportion as the foreign missions have been supported in Europe, so has the zeal for the extension of the church in every one's own country and neighbourhood increased. I think, that is owing to the simple cause that christian love is the moving spring; when that is once in exercise, it will look for work and do it willingly.

The Rev. C. L. F. HAENSEL invites the friends of Foreign Missions to a devotional meeting for the communication of missionary intelligence, to be held at his house, on this and every Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, during the present month and the month of August.

YOUTH'S POLITICS.

They have had more fighting, I am sorry to say, in Scinde, but the British have been victorious again, and General Napier is so well persuaded that there will be peace now, that he says: "I have every reason to believe that not another shot will be fired in Scinde." May it be so!

It is very delightful to know that where the British government extends, slavery is made to cease, so that every man may try to do the best he can for himself, having liberty to remove from one place to another. to change masters, and to choose the business he likes best. Slaves, you know, cannot leave their master; they must do what work he requires of them, though they should be more fit for other employment; and they may be sold to another master, without their consent. If they are married, and have children, the wife may be sold far away from her husband, and the children from their father, just as the master may see fit; sometimes it is ordered by the judges of the country, when the master cannot pay his debts, and his goods have to be sold, then the sheriff will sell his slaves, just as he will his horses and cows and sheep.

It is very sad that slavery exists in many heathen countries, but it is much worse when it does in a country called christian, and where the people talk a great deal about freedom. In the United States of America slavery exists, as I have described it just now; only worse, for it is not possible to describe the misery of it in words. You will hear of the Free States and of the Slave States; now in the Free States they

will not have slaves, it is true, but if a person is black, they will not let him keep company with them, nor go to school with their children, nor sit with them at church even. If ever you go to the United States, you will see papers stuck up in many churches, to say where persons of colour are to sit; that is in order to keep them separate from white people. In the city of New York, they have schools for coloured children by themselves, but they will not let them go to white schools; in smaller towns, coloured children can get no education at all, because the whites will not let them go to their schools.

Now this is a great sin in the sight of God, and is a kind of slavery too, because it keeps the black man down, and will not let him come up to be even with the white, though the Americans say God made all men free and equal, and the Scripture says, God "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." (17th Acts, 26.)

In the Slave States, it is a crime to teach the slaves to read. If ministers want to teach the slaves their catechism, they must do it by saying the words over and over again to them; they are not allowed to send a master to teach them reading. If a minister tells the people that they ought to make their slaves free, he will be hated and persecuted: and sometimes tumults have been made and good men killed, just because they taught that slavery ought to be abolished. And all the while they talk of the United States, as if there was not so free a country any where; and some years ago, when there was a rebellion in Canada, the chance was that we should become like the United States. May God preserve us from that!

Now I will tell you something good about a slave-country where the people are not christians but mohammedans; yet slavery has been put a stop to there. In Tunis, on the north coast of Africa, there is an English Consul-General—that is something like an Ambassador—who has talked much to the Bey or Chief, about the evils of slavery. Now two years ago the Bey forbid all his people from bringing any more slaves into the country or carrying any away by sea; after a while he put a stop to their keeping a public slave-market in the town; then he forbid their bringing any more slaves by land; and last year he made a law that any children of slaves that may be born after the 8th of December, shall be free, and have the same rights as any other person in the country. So then, as the slaves now living shall die one after another, slavery will entirely cease in that country. That is an example for the United States to follow.

A public meeting was held last Thursday, to devise measures for relieving the inhabitants of Boucherville which was nearly all burnt down the week before. Lists are lying in different shops and offices about town for subscriptions to this purpose. It is hoped the poor people will be effectually

helped by those who have it in their power to give. Fire is a dreadful thing; be careful not to play with it.

GENERA NOMINUM.

By GEO. FUTVOYE, Esq.

This is the title of a little Tract which shows at one view the Rules for knowing the Genders of Latin Nouns, and the Exceptions to the Rules. The Author has empowered the Editor to say that he will make a present of one of these Tracts to every good Scholar who shall return to his studies punctually on the first day after these holidays. Masters of Schools to apply to Mr. Futvoye for the number they have to distribute.

It is said that the Emperor Napoleon, during his exile in St. Helena, once stated to General Bertrand proofs that the Lord Jesus was not a mere man; when he had done, he waited for an answer, but his friend made no reply: at this Napoleon resumed: "If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, I did wrong to appoint you General."

ADVICE.—If you want a thing to be done exactly to your mind, don't wait for others to do it, but do it yourself if you can.

It is better to have a large heart in a narrow house, than to have a narrow heart in a large habitation.

BIBLE-QUESTIONS.

The answer to the one in the last number is to be found in the 1st verse of the 3rd chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews.

You may now try to tell me the name of a man whom we read of in the Old Testament, who died before his father and left a son with whom it went well as long as he stuck closely to his pious uncle, but he got into sad trouble when he left and joined himself to strangers, so that his uncle had at last to go after him and rescue him out of great danger.

If you think you know that name, then change the first letter of it, so that it may become the name of a country where a wild lad had to make out his living with bow and arrow, when he caused himself to be expelled from a good, quiet home.

You may now go back to the first name again, and change the third letter in it, so that it shall become the name of a man who erected gallows for another man, and came to be hanged upon them himself.

TENDERS will be received from Carters, for a Contract to remove all the "I can'ts" and "I won'ts," which are troublesome rubbish, from the Upper-Town, and to deliver an "I'll try," which is a sweet, wholesome article, instead of every one of them. If the Contractor does his work well, there is not the slightest doubt but his services will be required in the Lower-Town and Suburbs immediately. Communications to be addressed to the Nuisance Office.

MY VACATION-JOURNEY IN SWITZERLAND.

(Continued from the 2d Number.)

It is now upwards of sixty years since Pestalozzi commenced writing upon the education of youth, and by his boundless zeal and warm devotion to the interests of children, kindled a flame throughout Germany and Switzerland, which has brought forth fruit far beyond what ever was to be seen in Pestalozzi's own school, or in others which sprang up with the use of his name in various countries. He commenced his work as a school-man, by receiving into his own house a number of poor, neglected children, who had neither father nor mother to take care of them; to them he became father and tutor. He spent all his property upon them, and from that time he just went on spending money in doing good to poor children, as fast as he got it by writing books and by teaching some who could pay for their instruction. He bent his mind upon trying to find out how children could be brought to feel their powers of thought, then to exercise them willingly and not by force; and how they could be led to turn them to the best advantage by acquiring different branches of learning.

Pestalozzi thought that a good knowledge of numbers, and how to solve questions in arithmetic, was the grand means for awakening the powers of the mind. It was not the skill of working out examples which have large numbers in them that he wanted to give, but the readiness of judging what had to be done with the numbers given in the example. Therefore he would not allow the scholar to have the answer given him together with the question, because that is a help towards guessing the way to do a sum: the scholar had to arrive at the answer by correct reasoning, so that one sum worked by the use of his thinking powers opened to him the skill of working out hundreds which required the same course of reasoning.

Pestalozzi found that the ancient languages took up the best part of the time in many schools, and that these languages did not exercise those powers which require mainly to be brought into use and strength in early youth. Boys were made to learn Latin, in order that they might learn Grammar. In Pestalozzi's time it began to be found out that boys had need to learn the Grammar of their own native language first, and that then they would learn Latin much more easily, and would like it better. Hence it is that at the present day, with us, English Grammar is very generally taught, and many masters do not wish their scholars to commence Latin until they have made good progress in the Grammar of their own tongue.

But it is not the thinking powers only that Pestalozzi longed to strengthen: himself a man of boundless affection, he endeavoured to get at the hearts of the children: and often his own poor heart was pained and wounded, when he saw how few persons would feel with him for the wants

of the poor; and among the poor whom he had fed, clothed, and taught, how many turned out ungrateful, and set his counsels at naught.

All this time, Pestalozzi's own schools did not go on very well. Though he constantly threw new light upon the great cause of education, he had not the skill to carry that light into the management of the little affairs of daily occasion in the school. Among the assistants whom he gathered round him, there was not a spirit of unity, and they caused him a deal of anxiety and grief of mind. Years and disappointments weighed him down; and at the time I visited his school, it showed no token of the great mind of him who was called the head of it. Pestalozzi was only called the head of the school; he was about eighty years old, and could do nothing in the management of the school at all. His assistants conducted it, and the old man was engaged in preparing a new book.

There is an old castle at Yverdon, which the rulers of the place allowed Mr. Pestalozzi for the use of his Seminary. Here I presented myself with an application for leave to see the place, and a message was brought immediately that I was to be shown every thing I wished to see. I attended several lessons, amongst which was one in singing, beautifully executed; but the singing-master, who spoke French, actually took the name of God in vain before his class, when they made him impatient, at which I was much shocked. I was not much interested in what I saw; to get sight of the old friend of children was my main desire, but I had not the courage to ask whether I could be introduced to him. I stood in the castle-yard, talking with one of the masters, when an old little man passed by, whose lively eyes and wrinkled face struck me as very remarkable; but from the slovenly manner in which he was dressed, the dusty look of his jacket and trousers, and the absence of any sign of regard for him as he crossed the yard, I never thought of his being any thing but perhaps the gardener or gate-keeper. In the course of conversation I was asked, would I like to be introduced to Mr. Pestalozzi: I eagerly said yes, and the next minute I made the personal acquaintance of one of the men who have had the greatest influence upon mind during the last sixty years: the old little man with the lively eyes, the wrinkled face and the shabby dress was Pestalozzi.

(To be continued.)

THE VACATION EXTRA,

[Hsl Editor.]

A NEWSPAPER FOR YOUTH DURING THE HOLYDAYS.

Which will be continued for six weeks, commencing on the 28th June,

To be issued every Wednesday noon.

AND TO BE HAD AT

G. STANLEY'S, No. 15, BUADE-STREET, QUEBEC, ONE PENNY EACH NUMBER.

* * * Subscribers for the six numbers complete, may have them sent to their residences in town if desired.

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IN THE FRENCH LANGUAGE,

BY MR. MOREL,
OF GENEVA.

Cards of Terms at the Publisher's.

Reference to the Rev. C. L. F. HAENSEL, 15, Stanislaus-street.

Quebec, 3d July, 1843.

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AND

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QUEBEC, June 28, 1843.

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QUEBEC:—Printed and Published by GILBERT STANLEY, No. 15, BUADE-STREET, Bible and Tract Depository, opposite the French Church.

THE VACATION EXTRA.

"FROM A CHILD THOU HAST KNOWN THE HOLY SCRIPTURES, WHICH ARE ABLE TO MAKE THEE WISE UNTO SALVATION."

2nd Tim. iii. 15.

No. IV.]

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1843.

[PRICE 1D.]

POETRY.

HOME! SWEET HOME!

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Why would'st thou leave me, oh! gentle child:
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,
A straw-roof'd cabin with lowly wall—
Mine is a fair and pillar'd hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of picture for ever streams."

"Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play,
Through the long bright hours of the summer day,
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme:
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they
know,
Lady, kind lady! oh let me go."

"Content thee, boy! in my bower to dwell,
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well;
Flutes in the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune;
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird,
Whose voice was ne'er in the mountains heard."

"My mother sings, at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills far more sweet than all;
She sings it under her own green tree,
To the babe half-slumbering on her knee;
I dream'd last night of that music low—
Lady, kind lady! oh! let me go."

"Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest—
She has taken the babe on her quiet breast;
Thou wouldst meet her footstep, boy, no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin door,
Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye."

"Is my mother gone from her home away?
But I know that my brothers are there at play;
I know they are gathering the fox-glove's bell,
Or the long fern-leaves by the sparkling well,
Or they launch their boats where the bright streams
flow,
Lady, kind lady! oh! let me go."

"Fair child! thy brothers are wanderers now;
They sport no more on the mountain's brow;
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the stream where the fairy barks were tied;
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin-home is a lonely spot."

"Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?
But the bird and the blue fly rove o'er it still,
And the red deer bound in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow—
Lady, kind lady! oh! let me go."

Our Saviour's voice is soft and sweet,
While bending from above
He bids us gather round his feet,
And calls us by his love.

Dear Saviour, let the tender sound
In distant lands be heard;
And oh! wherever sin is found,
There send thy pard'ning word.

FOR THE EXTRA.

Melius est discere quam doceri.

ST. TIMOTHY'S HALL,
17th July, 1843.

Dear Scholars,

It must be plain that in all I have now written to you, I have been trying to stir you up to the use of powers which have been given you by your Creator. You have a heart and a head which will not be without doing something, and I would have them do the right thing. The heart is to be set on things above; the head is to render service to the affections of a rightly disposed heart.

I shall write somewhat more now of the service which the head is to render; and you will bear in mind that I have set the things of the heart before, and give to those of the head the second place. The powers of the head are mischievous, if they do not act in obedience to a pious heart. But they are powers given you by God who has made you; and are part of that talent of which you have to give an account to Him, like the servants in the parable. Therefore, prepare for your heavenly Master's coming.

Now I have set at the top of this letter a scrap of Latin, which some of you may like to remember as it stands; for others I will put it into English:—

Better it is to learn than to be taught.

This is a golden rule for scholars. Try to understand well the difference between learning and being taught.

Some of you will at once perceive that when you learn, you are active; but when you are taught, you are passive. If you think upon it well, it must strike you that you like to be active. It is pleasanter to whip a top than to be whipped like a top, to wash one's face than to have one's face washed, and to eat with a spoon than to be fed with a spoon.

But there are some scholars who seem to think that the Master's business is to put learning into them just as it is a nurse's to put the pap into baby's mouth; as if theirs was to hold still, and his to stuff it in. Now suppose the Master could do this, it would not be near so pleasant to the scholar as it will be when he takes the spoon himself, which it is his business to do. I mean to say you are to be active, using your powers of thought, reaching forth for knowledge to take in and to work up within you so that the very use of your powers shall sharpen them. When I want you to master

one lesson completely, it is with the certainty that you will find it somewhat easier then to master the next one; and when I require you to fit the second lesson on to the first, I expect by that to make study altogether a thing that you choose and that you would not desire to be without.

If I had a little desk made with drawers and shelves, into which a boy may put his things—his books on the shelves, his pencil and India rubber into one drawer, his ink-stand, pen and penwiper into another—I do not know the boy that would not be very much pleased to get it, and be often arranging his things and looking at them how handily they are stowed away, and he would wish for plenty things to put into it.

Now I tell every one of you, that God has given you a desk with shelves and drawers, far beyond what ever joiner put together. Your head is the wonderful piece of work into which you need only wish to put shelves and drawers, as you want them, and they will make themselves: the more you have to stow away, the more places; as soon as you determine I must have where to put that, the place will be there.

Be sure now to use so precious a gift so as to please Him who has given it. I am,

Dear Scholars,

with prayers for your happiness, yours,
THE PRINCIPAL.

SELECTIONS.

AVOID THE BEGINNINGS OF EVIL.

Sarah would have looked very much surprised, and perhaps a little angry, had any one called her a thief, yet it must be confessed she was not perfectly honest. She was always dipping her fingers into every thing she saw which looked as if it might be good to eat, and sometimes would take a taste of her mother's sweetmeats when no body was in the room. Now Sarah would not have taken a single penny from her mother's drawer without leave; nor would she have taken a whole handful of raisins from the box, or a slice of cake from the closet—oh, no; but sometimes she would eat one or two raisins, and just break off the corner from a loaf of cake. She thought there was no harm in taking so little; but she did not think right. Every day as she went on taking little things, the habit became more and more confirmed, until at last she could never see any thing without longing to taste. At first she was only tempted to do this when things were left in her way; but after a while she learned to go to the closets in

the absence of the rest of the family and pick a little bit here and there. I do not know but she would have become a confirmed thief if something had not happened to check her in her wicked practices.

One day, when in a room by herself, she saw a vial filled with a yellow shining liquid. She took it down and held it up to the light, wondering all the time what it could be. "Not sweet oil," said she to herself, "for that never has so nice a smell; what can it be? Oh I wish I knew. I'll taste a drop just to find out what it is." So she poured out a few drops into a teaspoon, but no sooner had she tasted it, than her tongue and throat began to feel as if they burned with fire. She ran screaming to her mother, who soon found out that her naughty little girl had been taking some oil of cinnamon, and as it was very strong, was now smarting for her folly.

As soon as she could be quieted under the pain she felt, her mother told her that the skin would come off from every place which had been touched by the sharp stuff, and that she might have lost her life, if she had taken more. She also said that perhaps God had sent this as a little punishment upon her, in order that she might be stayed in her course of dishonesty; and now Sarah was to take the gentle warning, and pray for help against the sin which did so much beset her. Sarah did take the warning, and became a girl with whom any thing could be trusted, for she had strength given her from God to be faithful.

(*American Paper.*)

THE LONELY ORPHAN.

Here is a letter which a little girl in Massachusetts wrote some years ago to be printed in the newspapers; it was to try if she might find out what had become of her father. I hope she did find him out, and that he was a loving father to her; or if he was dead, that she heard some good of his state of mind before he died. The letter is the best that I ever heard of having been written by a child not quite eight years old. It shows how well people can find words to say what they feel, when their heart is full and their want urgent.

"I have learned by my geography that the Southern people are very hospitable to travellers. I often express a wish to my teacher that I could go to Virginia, and invite some of those kind people to help me to find my dear, dear father. Since it is not now proper that I should go, she says that I may write a letter and send to the kind people in Virginia, and ask them to make such inquiries, or use such means for me as their little girls would like to have used if they had a loved father lost.

"My father's name is Daniel Billings. Four years ago, when I was not quite half as old as I now am, he told me he was going to Virginia. I cried very much and said, 'don't go, father; I do love you better than any body else since my dear mother is dead and put in the cold grave.' I remember how we wept when he prayed

by my side the last time—he said, 'O God, bless my little daughter, and spare our lives to see each other again.' When he kissed me the last time, his tears fell on my cheeks, and he could hardly say, 'it is best for me to go now, but I will come back again.' O, my dear father, why don't he come? Grandmother says, perhaps he is sick or deranged, so he has not written to us for more than two years. O, will not somebody tell me if he is sick? or if he is dead where is his grave? He told me when I went to my mother's grave, that I must think her spirit now with God and the Lamb. I do want to know if my father is there too.

"Will not some good people of Virginia write to me something about my father, and I will daily pray to my heavenly Father to bless all those who pity and befriend me, a lonely orphan."

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

A merchant one day went on a journey, carrying a large sum of money in a belt which he strapped round his waist. He rode on horseback, attended by his good dog, and provided with a pair of loaded pistols to defend himself against robbers. In the heat of the day, he stopped under a tree, where he got off his horse and let him graze; he himself lay down in the shade, but he took off his belt which was heavy with the money, and laid it by his side.

After resting a good while, he mounted his horse again, and rode on; but he was much surprised to find that his dog behaved very strangely. He barked, ran before the horse and then a little way back again, and stopped looking up to his master as if he was unwilling to go on. The merchant was vexed about it at first, but after a while he began to think the heat had made the dog mad.

When dogs get mad, they are always very unwilling to go to any water. So when the merchant came to a brook which had to be forded, he watched carefully; the dog seemed to get more mad than before; he barked furiously, jumped up in front of the horse, and made a bite at the bridle. At this, the master thought it was quite certain the dog was mad; so he took out one of his pistols and shot him. But he was very sorry for his good dog, and immediately rode on at a great rate, that he might neither hear nor see any more of him.

As he was riding on, he tried to think of something else, and all at once he perceived that he had not the belt of money round his waist. Now he was obliged to turn and ride back just the way he had come. As soon as he crossed the water, he perceived marks made by the dog's blood: the marks went straight back to the tree where he had been resting; and under the tree was the dog, with his head resting upon the belt. When the dog saw his master, he wagged his tail a little, licked his hand as he took up the belt, and died.

(*Translated from the German.*)

HOSPITAL OF INNOCENTS.

The poor people of Florence in Italy are so badly off that numbers of them really do not know how to get enough for their children to eat. There is a large place called the Hospital of Innocents: in this all children are received that may be brought to be taken care of as orphans. Many a mother takes her own child there, because she has no means of bringing it up; she is asked no questions, and has nothing further to do with the child: but sometimes the mother may get a place in the Hospital herself as a servant; then it may be she knows her own child again amongst the multitude.

But the poor little things must have milk. So there is a flock of goats which belongs to the Hospital; when they have kids, these are taken away, and instead of giving milk to them, the goats must give it to the little babies. The goats go out to pasture every day; against the time they come in again, the children are placed in low cradles where the goats can get at them; and after a very little time, they know each other quite well. Every goat has two babies to feed; she knows their voices and runs to them as eagerly as she would to her kids if they had been left to her. So these children are well provided for with food, but the Hospital does not afford them instruction as they grow up. Perhaps that will be done in another way by and by.

A number of good men have established a large Infant-School, and in order to make the poor children very happy, they give each of them a bowl of soup every day about the middle of school-time. The children from the town come to school at first generally weak and sickly; but those who have been regular in attending for a couple of years are the strongest and healthiest children to be seen in that country. If the children from the Hospital could be sent there, their minds would be cared for as well as their bodies.

THE VACATION EXTRA.

QUEBEC, WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1843.

The readers of the Extra have had their attention directed to the cause of missions as to a part of christian duty which is not to be neglected. The Lord having commanded his disciples to go and teach all nations, it must be a matter of great consequence that we should do our part to obey Him; and those who do not go themselves to teach, may still be able to help towards the means that others may go. Hence have arisen Missionary Societies.

It is now more than a year ago that some young gentlemen in this city pursuing their studies together, desired to do something towards sending the gospel to the heathen. They asked the Rev. C. L. F. Haensel to guide them in their endeavours, and he formed them into a Juvenile Church Missionary Association, which receives sub-

scriptions and donations with a view to their being remitted to the Church Missionary Society in London.

The young members of this Association have chiefly themselves contributed weekly subscriptions, and also received donations from several friends of riper years, so that their receipts up to June of last year amounted to £3 1s. 2½d. currency, or £2 10s. 4d. sterling, and since then to the month of February last to £7 15s. 9d. currency, or £6 9s. 10d. sterling, which two sums have been remitted to the Society in England.

Several interesting publications are issued by the Church Missionary Society, among which is the Juvenile Instructor in monthly numbers; a very attractive and useful periodical.

The Church Society for the Diocese of Quebec, by the last article of its Constitution, declares its readiness to receive and forward to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Church Missionary Society, or the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, whatever sums may be given for those respective institutions by members of the Church who "feel constrained, in pious gratitude for the blessings they enjoy, to allot something however small, from the means with which a gracious Providence has blessed them, towards the spread of the glorious Gospel among the nations which still sit in darkness."

MISSIONARY NEWS.

NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

From a letter by Mrs. Williams,

Dated, Paihia, Jan. 24, 1842.

"And now I must tell you that our good Bishop has arrived, and though we were expecting him every hour from Auckland, our metropolis, he took us quite by surprise at last. He and his party reached Sydney about the middle of April; but as their vessel got aground in entering Sydney harbour, and required some repairs, his lordship took advantage of a brig proceeding direct to Auckland, and left his family and all his party, except one of his chaplains who accompanied him, to follow as soon as the ship should be ready. After a fortnight's sojourn at the capital, he embarked in a little coasting schooner for the Bay of Islands; and being becalmed off the heads, he, with Mr. Cotton, his chaplain, and his native servant, took to the boat, and started for Paihia; the chaplain and servant rowing, and his lordship steering. They reached this place soon after dusk, when my husband was called out to some one at the door, who put into his hand a card, announcing the Bishop of New Zealand. Not many minutes had elapsed before he and Henry* were down on the beach, where they found the head of our New Zealand church, bu-

sily engaged in assisting to pull the boat out of the surf. Such an entrée bespoke him to be a man fit for New Zealand life. We are all, as you would anticipate, much delighted with him; and he seems to be so desirous of doing good to the natives, and so full of plans for the welfare of all, that we trust he will prove a blessing to every class of society. He has exceedingly astonished us all by his proficiency in the native language. On Lord's day last he took his portion in the native service, preached in the New Zealand tongue, and administered the Lord's Supper to a considerable number of natives."

YOUTH'S POLITICS.

The state of Europe is peaceable at present, but dangers seem to threaten in Spain and in Ireland.

They have a very young Queen in Spain, and some of her relations would like to get the government out of her hands into theirs. She has had to change her advisers time after time, and, poor young Lady, I can easily imagine how distracted she must be in her uncertainty who there is that means honestly the good of her country. A great deal of discontent prevails at this time, and fears are entertained that there will be serious insurrections against the present government in Spain. In that case, perhaps, our Queen will have to send troops there, because Great Britain has agreed to help in restoring order, if any violence should be attempted which the Spanish government itself cannot restrain.

If there is no design on the part of evil men to disturb peace in Ireland, yet one cannot help fearing that the assembling of many thousands of people here and there, for the purpose of hearing speeches in favour of Repeal, may lead to bad consequences. On more than one occasion upwards of a hundred thousand persons have thus been assembled together. They come to hear some one speak to them upon things which they think they have to complain of; but it is impossible for nine-tenths of them to hear what he says, and these nine-tenths then are much more likely to be excited to tumult than to stand quietly and disperse again, even though the speeches which the remainder hear, were in favour of order and quietness. It is terrifying to hear of such masses of people meeting together, discontented and given to change: think of three, four times as many as all Quebec with the suburbs contains! It is impossible that reason should bear rule there; then passion will carry the day, and what mischief it may do, it is impossible to calculate.

In the midst of all this, there seems to be more care in our days to avoid war amongst christian nations than there ever was known to exist before. May the time approach, when "they shall learn war no more." (Is. 2nd 4.)

BIBLE-QUESTIONS.

I find that some boys do not take pains to find out answers to the Questions before the next number comes out, but when they do not make them out quickly, they say: "Oh, I will wait till Wednesday, then the answer will come." Now I have not promised to give the answer always the next week, and I will not do so for this time.

But I will say how a sensible reader goes to work; and I will tell the boys that I have had a complete answer shown me, by one young reader of the Extra who is not a boy.

I say then that a reader should begin to think who the man was that stuck to his uncle after his father was dead, and afterwards separated himself and got into danger: now he does not remember ever seeing the word *uncle* in the Bible, but he knows that it means brother to the man's father or mother. Then he soon thinks of Abraham who was the brother of Lot's father, and all about these two, how Lot became so rich that there was not room peaceably for his people and Abraham's people together, and how afterwards he went to live in Sodom, was made prisoner, and then rescued by his uncle. And now he may look in his Bible, where the history of Lot begins, and he finds that his father's name was *****

Then he must think what lad he has ever heard of from the Bible who made himself troublesome at home, and was expelled, and so on.

So now try again for another week.

You may also try to find out the name of that man who in his youth fled eastwards to escape death; when he had become a rich man, he came westward again, still in great fear for his life; in his old age, when he had found life very sorrowful already, he travelled southwards to be nourished in safety for a number of years; and when he died, his body had to be carried northwards again, because he had insisted upon it that there should be his grave.

What man was he who was east out as a babe, and yet afterwards lived forty years like a Prince, forty years like a Shepherd, and forty years like a General. Find out the places from which you can make out the forty years, and forty years, and forty years.

TO STATIONERS AND INVENTORS.—A good price is promised for a supply of *intellectual pens*, which will make clean strokes when the writer puts down his own thoughts, but will sputter as soon as he copies the work of others to pass for his own.

Also, for *sensitive ink* that shall mark black when the writer takes pains, but shall blush into red the moment his attention wanders from his appointed work.

N. B.—The Principal of St. Timothy's Hall and Mr. Wrinkle of Hardscrabble, will ensure a Patent to the person who may supply these urgent wants before the two Gentlemen expire—that is within two weeks from this.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The person who left the above advertisement at the office did not wait to pay the fee: the advertiser is informed that he is *charged* with having to furnish another advertisement for next number or the number after.

The notification respecting wood-pavement will appear next week.

The notice for the Nuisance Office will be attended to, if possible.

"Somebody" has been received and is under consideration.

* The Rev. Henry Williams.

MY VACATION-JOURNEY IN SWITZERLAND.

(Continued from the 3d Number.)

I had no sooner been introduced to Mr. Pestalozzi as a young school-man myself, than conversation began on the subject nearest our hearts, and for an hour we rattled on at a great rate. The old man was as lively as a youth, his eyes sparkling out of their deep sockets like little lights; he talked of his experience, his success, his disappointments, the faults he had committed, and how he was trying to perfect his plans. It was not without difficulty, however, on my part, that the conversation was carried on, for Pestalozzi spoke such wretched Swiss German that with all my knowledge of good German, I lost a great deal of what he said at the commencement. He admitted that his plans of forming the mind by the use of numbers were defective; he had not given work enough to the power of language, and therefore, the book at which he was then working was to be a Grammar. He approved of requiring the scholars always to answer in complete sentences; "The time will be well bestowed," said he, "for it is the promptest evidence to be had by the master, that the scholar is thinking correctly, if he expresses himself fully and at ease. We can never be so certain that thought is clear in our scholar's mind, as when we have got him to make another person understand his thought. In doing so, he assists himself in the further working of his mind, and fixes the result of his thoughts in himself with a power which he would not use if he were not required to make full and clear communication of his thought by language."

I returned to the hotel, and after writing my notes of this gratifying interview, I entered into conversation with my landlord, whom I found out to be one of those persons who went in French Switzerland by the name of *Momiers*. This was a nickname given by worldly people to those who were in earnest about religion. Matters had been very bad for many years; the Scripture was hardly read, the ministers did not seem to think much of the danger into which men run if they do not repent and be converted, their preaching did not awaken people to a concern for their souls, and so the congregations had become like the church of Laodicea of which you can read in the 3rd chapter of Revelation, 15th verse: they were neither cold nor hot. But God commenced a work of grace in the hearts of some people who became so much concerned about their souls that it could not remain hidden from observation. They were always serious, read much in the Bible, were found to pray in secret, kept away from parties of pleasure, and met together for prayer and religious conversation. Now worldly people were offended at this; they said these persons thought they were better than every body else, and so they tried to annoy them as much as they could. The rulers of the country were stirred up to make hard laws against

people meeting together for worship, except on Sundays at Church. If twenty persons met together to slander, to dance, to play cards, or to make each other drunk, there was no law against any of these things; but if so many people met together to read the Bible, sing hymns, and pray, the new law was that the Police might come and take them all to the Magistrate, and the Magistrate had to put them in jail.

It was only in secret, therefore, that these pious people could meet in those days. But when my landlord found out of what mind I was, he told me that a meeting was to be held that very evening in the hotel, and if I liked I might attend. I was not slow to say yes; and so I sat, and spoke, and sang, and prayed together with the *Momiers*, at the risk of being put in jail for the night at least, if the Police had found us out. I should not have liked it much, but I tried to think like the apostles who rejoiced when they were counted worthy to suffer shame for their Master's name. (5th Acts.)

Things at that time were somewhat like what they were in the days of the apostles, as we read in the 4th chapter of Acts, and as they were about three hundred years ago, when the church of Rome would have kept people from reading the Bible, and telling each other how different the truth of God's word was from what they were told by their priests. Ungodly rulers tried to stop the spread of the gospel; but the Christians knew they must obey God rather than men. They were willing to suffer patiently and not to resist, if they were troubled for worshipping God according to his word. And their peaceful conduct and submission were at last approved even of men; for in course of time so many joined themselves to the *Momiers* in Switzerland that they got the hard laws to be done away with; and so liberty has been given for the word of God to have free course in church and private house. There are many very pious people in Switzerland.

(To be continued.)

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for Sale at the Bible and Tract Depository,
PRICE 6d., OR 5s. PER DOZEN,

THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION
OF
NOTES OF A CONFERENCE,
BETWEEN
TWO MISSIONARIES OF THE REFORMED
EVANGELICAL CHURCH,

AND
FOUR ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTS.
Quebec, 19th July, 1813.

THE VACATION EXTRA,

[Hsl. Editor,]

A NEWSPAPER FOR YOUTH
DURING THE HOLYDAYS,

Which will be continued for six weeks, commencing on the 28th June,

To be issued every Wednesday noon,

AND TO BE HAD AT

G. STANLEY'S, No. 15, BUADE-STREET,
PAGE ONE FIRST FROM NUMBER.

* * Subscribers for the six numbers complete, may have them sent to their residences in town if desired.

Advertisements.

INSTRUCTION

IN THE FRENCH LANGUAGE,

BY MR. MOREL,
OF GENEVA.

Cards of Terms at the Publisher's.

Reference to the Rev. C. L. F. HAENSEL, 15-
Stanislaus-street.
Quebec, 3d July, 1813.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for Sale by the Subscriber,

Price—bound, 9d.; in stiff cover, 4d.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S

DREAM,

Written for the American Sunday-School Union.

This little Work is worthy the attention of Teachers in Sunday-Schools, and of all who undertake the religious instruction of youth.

G. STANLEY.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY'S
BOOKS,

Including the latest Publications of the London
Tract Society,

ARE now offered for Sale, at the Depository,
Buade-Street, opposite the French Cathedral.
Quebec, 6th June, 1813.

STAPLE

AND

FANCY STATIONERY,
ENGRAVINGS, ETC. ETC.

THE undersigned takes this opportunity of acquainting his friends and the public, that he has received, in the course of the Spring, an extensive supply of superior Writing Papers, Ink, Quills, Steel Pens, Sealing Wax, Penknives, Black Lead Pencils, Fine Counting House Pencils, Drawing Papers and Drawing Materials, Mathematical Instruments, Parallel Rulers, round and flat Rulers, Telescopes, Globes, Maps, plain and colored, Maps of Palestine, mounted on rollers,

FANCY ARTICLES.

Accordions, French, rosewood, with patent backs, 8, 10, and 12 keys, do. do. do. with semi tones. Improved Accordion Tutors, with 40 different airs, Embossed, enamelled and gilt Visiting Cards, Card Cases, Roan, Morocco, Russia and Tortois-shell,

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Papeteries—Packets of French Fancy Note Papers, Envelopes and Wafers, in ornamented boxes, Ivory Paper Memorandums, Metallic Pencils, assorted, Silk Purses, Silk Taste, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Combs, and
A VARIETY OF OTHER ARTICLES,

ALSO,

CHEAP SCHOOL BOOKS,

COPY BOOKS, SLATES,

Slate Pencils, &c. &c., Wholesale and Retail.

G. STANLEY.

QUEBEC, June 28, 1813.

PRINTING-WORK,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE,
On the most reasonable terms.

QUEBEC:—Printed and Published by GILBERT STANLEY, No. 15, BUADE-STREET, Bible and Tract Depository, opposite the French Church.

THE VACATION EXTRA.

"FROM A CHILD THOU HAST KNOWN THE HOLY SCRIPTURES, WHICH ARE ABLE TO MAKE THEE WISE UNTO SALVATION."

2nd Tim. iii. 15.

No. V.]

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1843.

[PRICE 1D.]

POETRY.

MOTHER'S SOLACE.

How sweetly does the time fly
When, to please my mother, I
With all my heart and strength try,
For love says so;
My heart it feels so sprightly,
It makes me step so lightly,
When I for her do rightly,
What cheerful days I know!
Light let her heart be,
For love says so.

Happy may my mother be,
Evermore from sorrow free,
Welcome this will beto me,
For love says so;
May blessings be imparted
To friends like us, true-hearted,
And may we ne'er be parted,
Where'er through life we go.
Light may a heart be, &c.

Our comforts all may not stay,
But whenever comes the day,
I will cheer her griefs away,
'Tis love says so;
For what can be more cheering,
The voice of love while hearing,
With tokens most endearing,
Which hearts of love bestow.
Light, &c.

Little wants I will deny,
To my toys I'll bid good bye,
Saying, 'Mother, don't you sigh,
I love you so;'
I'll try to love sincerely,
She'll smile on me so cheerly,
I'll cling to her more nearly,
For love says so.
Light, &c.

To comfort her I'll ever try,
Then let all earthly comforts fly,
We'll look to one dear Friend on high,
Who loves us so;
His blessings, if imparted
To friends like us, true-hearted,
We never can be parted,
What joyful news to know!
Light shall our hearts be,
While love says so.

(From the New York Children's Magazine.)

THE COUNTRY-CHURCH-BELL.

Again we hear the Sabbath-bell,
A welcome, joyful sound;
O'er rock and moor, and down the dell
Its cheering peals rebound.

Come, come, again they seem to say,
To God's own house repair;
Come with a heart of faith to pray,
And Christ will meet you there.

We come, while yet 'tis called today
And God gives life and breath,
Till the same bell that bids us pray,
Tells solemnly our death.

FOR THE EXTRA.

ST. TIMOTHY'S HALL,
24th July, 1843.

Dear Scholars,

Let me then entreat you to look upon your duties as Scholars in the cheering light of a favour which God has conferred upon you, and by which he would have you advance to the honourable exercise of the faculties with which you are gifted. Idleness is so far from being a pleasant state to be in, that I am sure it makes the severest punishment for a youth in health when he is bidden to do nothing at all; in fact he cannot, if he would. Now place in your older friends the confidence that they know best how to assign that employment to you which shall unfold your powers of thought and strengthen your ability to perform work, and you will find the lessons set to you to be as pleasant to do as you would find the fun that your companions might choose for you, if you were left to pass your time without instruction.

I will tell you a story which always occurs to me when I find boys to look shy at the list of lessons for next day: I went one evening to see a saddler, and found there a gentleman, Mr. Putnam, who had come with his horse and carriage to take away a new set of harness just finished for him by the workman. The old harness was taken off, and the new one tried on; it was most beautifully done, but did not seem to fit well, and the moment the collar was put upon the horse's neck, we all called for the saddler: "Mr. Krous, Mr. Krous, the harness is too big." The man was not in the least disturbed, but told us with great seriousness: "No, gentlemen, it's the horse that is too little." At this we were going to laugh, but Mr. Putnam told us with great force, the man was perfectly right; he would take the harness and get a bigger horse.

Now, I suppose, you perceive that the beautiful new harness is the lessons which sometimes at first sight seem too hard and long; the little horse upon which the harness does not fit well is the shy, heartless mind of the scholar who shrinks from study; and now you may judge, yourselves, what is the bigger horse which he is to get instead of it.

The time is drawing near when you and I shall meet again for our school-duties. There will be only one more opportunity of writing to you by means of the Vacation Extra. I hope that you have enjoyed your time of relaxation, but that you will also

gladly return to enter upon your regular studies. If there were any one who feels a reluctance, let him now think of the saddler's serious voice, and feel ashamed at bringing the poor, sorry, stunted nag which seems to shrivel under Mr. Krous's beautiful harness, as if it wanted to vanish out of it; and let him get a fine, tall, prancing and neighing charger, upon whom the collar and straps and buckles shall fit as if harness and horse were all of a piece:—and I promise I will have the harness ready to fit him. Believe me,

Dear Scholars,
Ever affectionately yours,
THE PRINCIPAL.

[COMMUNICATED.]

MR. EDITOR,

It is generally thought that boys are very careless, very idle, very tricky, and sometimes very mischievous: but there are some who fear that the poor little fellows are frequently accused most unjustly. I will endeavour to set this matter in its true light.

There is a personage called *Somebody*, who makes his way into schools, attends the boys on their way home, mixes among them in their sports, and is frequently to be found playing tricks in private families.

Tom Scatterbrain, for instance, before he takes home his books, goes with a group of merry companions, to have a game at rounders or prisoner's base; his satchel, which has been slung on his shoulder, proves a trouble, and he throws it off. When the sport is over, Tom begins to think that he has over-stayed his time, and proceeds home in great haste, without ever thinking of his books; and after tea, when Papa or Mamma assembles the children round the table, (*as some parents do*), to prepare their lessons for the following morning, it appears that *Somebody* has been at his tricks. Tom's books are not forthcoming, and he feels quite certain that he did not bring them out of the school-room; there was *Somebody* hid them, and when he came away, they were not to be found. At school, the next morning, Tom continues to assert the same, and as a farther proof that pranks have been played, it is announced that Frank Steady's Latin Grammar was not to be found in his satchel when he got home yesterday.

Now Frank is a boy of such orderly habits, that no suspicion of negligence or thoughtlessness can be attached to him, and *Somebody* has always been particularly

favourable to him, and has seldom, if ever, meddled with him in any way. He assures the master that he put the grammar into his satchel as soon as he had done using it at school.

Just at this crisis of affairs, Mr. Steady's servant arrives with a satchel full of books, and a note from his master, saying, "that the books were brought to his house, by a poorly-dressed, but intelligent and honest little boy, who picked them up on the Esplanade, and would not have known where to take them, had he not found a grammar, with Master Frank's name, in it: and though none of the other books contained the owner's name, yet Mr. Steady concludes that they must belong to some of Frank's school-fellows, and therefore sends them to the school."

The truth now comes out. *Somebody* is free from one blame at least: Tom recollects every thing, except how he became possessed of Frank's grammar. He certainly could not have mistaken it for his own, for Frank's book, though six months in use, looks like a new one; and Tom's, though only one month in his possession, has the appearance of a veteran in the service. *Somebody* threw it off the kitchen table into a tub of suds; *Somebody* upset the candle on it, which greased and burned several of the leaves; and *Somebody* took it out of his satchel, and left it in the way of a young pointer, which, from a desire to shew that it understood the use of the possessive case, wrought so effectually at it, as to leave scarcely anything in it but *defective* verbs and nouns *indeclinable*. It is certain that Frank's book could not be mistaken for this, and Tom is confident that *Somebody* must have put it into his satchel. I shall pursue this case no further, but let readers judge how much reason there is for suspecting *Somebody* in this matter.

If George Scribbles' copy is blotted, *Somebody* jostled him when he was taking ink. If his letters are badly formed, *Somebody* shook the desk. Harry Wishead is diligently employed in tracing the formation of a Greek tense, and Ned Dolittle gives him a prick with a pin. Harry utters a sudden Oh! The master insists on knowing what caused the exclamation, and Harry, unwilling to have his class-fellow punished, reluctantly states that *Somebody* stuck a pin in him: but Harry will not tell a lie, either to save himself or another from punishment; and on being more closely questioned, admits, that the *Somebody* was none other than Ned Dolittle. Then Ned asserts that he had no intention of sticking the pin in Harry; that he only had it in his hand, and *Somebody* came behind him and drove his arm forward. I could count up many more instances of the mischief *Somebody* does, but I find I have already trespassed too far on your small columns, and shall conclude by merely adding that *Somebody* must be in close connexion with a very dreadful being of whom our Saviour says that he is the father of lies; (John viii. 44.) for I can positively assert that in nine cases out of

ten his accusers either hide the truth or tell downright falsehoods. I therefore would exhort boys, parents, and masters, to defeat the enemy's purpose by entirely forbidding his tricks. Let parents and masters make boys understand that they themselves must answer for every disorder that occurs; and let boys resolve, by God's grace, not to be led from the way of truth and honesty by that invisible spirit who tempts them with the hope of escaping present censure, only with the end that he may plunge them into endless torments. Stand ye fast in that liberty wherewith Christ maketh his followers free. (Gal. v. 1.)

I remain, Mr. Editor, respectfully yours,

ARGUS SHARPEYE.

THE VACATION EXTRA.

QUEBEC, WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1813.

My friend Mr. Wrinkle has been somewhat ruffled by the Circular which, together with the pouring out of his wrath, will be found in another column of this paper. I sympathize with him, though I am not wrought up to the same degree of excitement. I believe, indeed, this worthy gentleman has lost sight of one part of the reasons which exist for the official inquiry contained in the Circular.

Mr. Wrinkle thinks, it is only after hard heads that Mr. Mallet is inquiring; and as a true friend of his pupils, he cheers himself with a hope that his energetic and persevering labours will remove that defect where it exists, and he will let none of his young friends go as an incorrigible block on that score. But may not the Road-Commissioner suspect the much more prevailing malady of hard hearts, and be looking for them to make pavement that shall resist every impression?

And oh, brother Irritatus, I think I see you hang down your own head and confess that the official gentleman had too much reason to suppose impenetrable material is to be found in all Seminaries. The Master's patience and perseverance and energy are all in vain against that evil, until the grace of God act upon the rock of the unconverted heart, and soften it to a thankful sense of the value of the gospel.

But I do not wish to shake my friend's purpose; I will unite with him in saying, we will not give them up. The inquiry makes our heads hang down, and brings us upon our knees to acknowledge our insufficiency for the charge of the young souls committed to us: but we remember the promise that the spiritual workman's sufficiency is of God; we look for ability from Him, and resolve in love and faithfulness to go on, still labouring that we may win their hearts for Christ, and praying that the Holy Spirit would melt them, impress upon them his lovely image, and write their names in heaven!

The friends of good order and public morals are much grieved to see in the daily papers the advertisement of the Quebec Races, because this kind of amusement has year after year proved an occasion of gambling and drunkenness, and all the miseries which follow in the train of these vices.

Races have their name from the practice of making horses run, to see which can run fastest. For that purpose, horses are particularly trained to be good for much faster running than any body (except that thing called a jockey) ever thinks of riding, whereby they become good for nothing else. This training makes God's beautiful creature, the horse, into that ugly thing, a racer. It happens sometimes that a horse drops down dead on the race-ground, from over exertion. To this cruel sport, boys and girls, and ladies and men are enticed to go and look on as if it were a grand sight.

The race-week, every year, causes a flow of all sorts of improper people towards the Plains daily, and keeps that road in such a state at night as makes the houses there exceedingly unpleasant to live in. It confirms those bad characters in their wicked lives whom the friends of religion would win to temperance and industry; and then we have need of police and jail-room for which we have to pay in taxes. It seduces people who work for wages, to lose their day's work at the time when they ought to earn something and lay it up against the hard winter-season; and when the winter comes, the orderly and industrious have to find means for keeping those who have learned idleness and dissipation during the race-week. It tempts many a married man to spend time and money at the races, when his wife and children have not bread to eat, clothes to wear, or a clean bed to sleep in at home. In short, the races are found to create more evil than can be counted up, and to render no benefit to the people who have to suffer from the evil.

It is often said that the races improve the breed of horses; but it is not the fact: for when a horse's neck has been straightened and its legs and body spun out for the purposes of a race, it has not been improved but made worse; and we have to look for quite a different kind of horse again to draw our merchant's goods and to carry us safely over our roads in a caleche or carriage. And if we should go to war (which may God avert!) we shall not want our Dragoons and Hussars to race swiftly off the battle-ground, but to ride steadily on and come upon the enemy with such a shock as to send him scampering off the field:—race-horses won't do for that.

The friends of education, therefore, feel entitled to call upon parents to unite with them in solicitude that youth may keep from that scene of unmixed evil. To send a scholar in the morning to give an account of the Scripture he has studied, and to expose him in the evening to the corruption of the races, would be an inconsistency which no parents will commit who value the religious training of their children.

And those who do not value religious training will, of course, choose tutors for their children who do not place the Scriptures in the foreground of their system of education.

STREET-PAVEMENT.

Circular to the Conductors of Schools.

SIR,

The want of good material for substituting wood instead of stones as pavement in our streets being sensibly felt, I am desired to inquire of you, how many hard blocks your Seminary will furnish with a guarantee that nothing will penetrate them.

I have the honor to be, &c.

PETRONIUS MALLET,
Street Commissioner.

To the Editor of the Vacation Extra.

SIR,

I write to you in haste and fury, to enclose a circular which I have just received from the Street Commissioner, and which I think a most impertinent one. What does this official gentleman think? He has heard, I suppose, of a good many heads which are so hard that nothing seems to go into them, and he imagines that we shall be glad to part with them; but I for one say, no; I am not of a mind to mark any one as incurable, but will try with them in patience and perseverance, and look for such unfoldings yet as shall make me glad that I have not given them up to pave the streets with.

I wish you would stir up all those who have been treated with this Circular, to manifest their sense of the indignity, and remain,

Mr. Editor, ever yours,
IRRITATUS WRINKLE.

Handscrabble, 19th July, 1843.

A MISSIONARY'S DEATH.

Among the earliest Protestant Missionaries in India was Swartz, a native of Germany, who laboured nearly fifty years there, and was the means of bringing thousands of heathens to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. The day of his death at last came. His friend and countryman Gericke was with him. Swartz offered up this prayer: "Do, O God, what is pleasing in thy sight. I commend my spirit into thy hands; cleanse it, adorn it with the righteousness of my Redeemer, and receive me into the arms of thy love and mercy."

After this, he lay so still that Gericke thought his spirit had fled to glory; he therefore began to sing a German funeral hymn: but at the second verse, to his surprise Swartz revived and joined him; they sang the hymn through, and then the dying man lay silent again. An hour or two after that he was really dead.

In that part of India where these men of God preached the gospel amidst much suffering and many trials, there are now numbers of congregations with christian teach-

ers and schools, walking in the fear of God, and adorning the doctrine of Christ their Saviour. May many missionaries follow the steps of Swartz and Gericke!

YOUTH'S POLITICS.

The government of France has for several years now been engaged in an attempt at the establishment of a Colony on the north coast of Africa, where you see the Barbary State of Algiers marked on the map. Much money has been devoted to it, and much suffering occasioned, because the people of the country do not like to let it go into the possession of foreigners, and the French can keep it only by having a large military force there, and fighting now and then; on which occasions the peaceable, working people often have their houses burnt, and their cattle taken from them, and themselves are driven from their homes. It is quite uncertain yet whether that country will answer as a Colony for people from France to emigrate to, and to settle there, because it is not a very healthy country; but the French greatly want to have a good harbour on that coast, and therefore I suppose they will try to keep it, though it costs them so much money.

So also they want to have a good harbour in the Pacific Ocean; and in order to get it, they have sent ships of war to the Marquesas Islands, and forced the people to submit themselves to the king of France. They say it will be their object to teach the people of these islands civilization and religion; I do not know whether they are going the right way to work to effect that.

One of the French king's sons, who commands a man-of-war sailed lately on a cruise down the west coast of Africa, then across the Atlantic to the Brazils, where he asked the Emperor's daughter in marriage, and got her; after the wedding she embarked with him in his ship, and he has brought her home to France. This kind of affair used to be done with much more ceremony formerly among Princes; sending an Ambassador, before ever the Prince has seen the young lady, writing home when consent is given, next sending out a squadron to fetch the Princess, and so on;—the French Prince seems to have taken his own way, and a very pretty way it is.

Notwithstanding that there is no open war in Europe, the French government keeps up an army of 428,500 men; what a number to take away from useful employment and to keep in idleness until there is a call for them to be employed in killing their fellow-creatures! But such will be the state of the world, that armies must be kept; until the gospel shall bear rule amongst all kindreds, tribes, and nations.

This day, 26th July, it is just 262 years since the seven Provinces, now called the Netherlands, declared themselves independent of Spain, which had treated them with so much cruelty.

BIBLE-QUESTIONS.

The answers to the questions from the third number are to be found in Genesis 11th chr. verse 27, 21st chr. verses 20, 21, and Esther vii. 10. *Haran* was Lot's father. The wild lad who lived in a good, quiet home with his father Abraham, was Ishmael; when he was expelled, he lived in the land of *Paran* as an *archer*. Change the *r* in *Haran* into an *m*, and you have *Haman*.

In Genesis xxvii. 43, you will find that *Jacob* had to flee *eastwards*, because his brother *Esau* thought to kill him; in the 31st chapter you read of his coming *westwards* again, though he did not know whether his life was safe; in xlv. 11, it is said how he is sent for to the *south*, that he may be nourished, and in xlvii. 9, he himself says how sorrowful life has been to him; in the 30th verse of the same chapter, he insists upon it, that he must be carried *northwards* again to be buried there.

The answers to the last question you must find in Acts vii. verses 23, 30, 36, and Deuteronomy xxxiv. 7. When Moses was brought up as the son of Pharaoh's daughter, he lived like a Prince; while he stayed with his father-in-law *Jethro*, he lived like a Shepherd; and while leading the children of Israel through the wilderness, having a large body of men to command, who marched and encamped in order, and had often to fight against their enemies, he lived like a General.

I have heard of a boy who never thought what the sun was good for; one day he said it was very plain that the moon was wanted, because she gives some light in the darkness of night: but he could not see the use of the sun shining in broad daylight.

Try to remember the passage in Scripture where God appoints the sun to an office, and also the moon.

Tell me in what respect Cain was such as no other person ever has been.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The answers to the Bible-Questions are received; quite correct; and the Editor is very much pleased with them.

The notice to the Carters next week.

CURE OF THE HICCUGH: The only effectual cure of that inveterate form of the disease which makes the patient utter the sound of "I don't care," is the family-medicine prepared by Dr. Decision, and to be obtained in doses suited to the ages of the sufferers at Cane, Birch & Co's., Druggists.

FOUND:—A complete Tool-Box, which will be returned to the owner on proving property and paying the expenses of advertisement. It contains, beautifully arranged, a quantity of figures, parts of speech, continents, rivers, kings' and queens' names, dates, &c. &c., all perfectly sharp, and does not appear to have been many years in use. Apply for it without delay. If not owned before the Vacation Extra is closed, it will be given up to Mr. Wrinkle of Handscrabble, to be sold by Auction to the bidder that proves himself most unfurnished, on condition of his keeping the same in perfect order and the contents going, so as to increase stock. Inquire at the HEAD Office.

MY VACATION-JOURNEY IN SWITZERLAND.

(Continued from the 4th Number.)

On the following morning I set out from Yverdon. My way now led me from the Lake of Neuchâtel eastwards, and I was about to pass from the Protestant Cantons of Switzerland into one of those where the Roman Catholic religion prevails. It has been observed by hundreds of travellers that the difference between the effects of the two systems of religion upon the people is more strikingly shown in Switzerland than in any other country. You pass out of a Protestant Canton into a Roman Catholic, and on the other side into a Protestant again in the course of one or two days; there is industry, comfort, freedom of thought, and intelligence of conversation in these, and a very different state of things in the other. To me the difference between people who are invited by their ministers to study the Bible, and those who are forbidden the same, was very affectingly shown this day. Just before I passed from the confines of Neuchâtel into those of Freiburg, a Protestant peasant met me with whom I entered into conversation; after a few remarks upon the weather, he spoke of the perverseness of men in complaining of that which God himself directs. "They should exercise faith," said he; "if it be God's pleasure, one week will bring the crops forward beyond what we commonly see done in two months. When Peter walked on the water, it was like firm ground as long as he had faith; but when that failed, he sank and was near perishing; still even then the Saviour's arm was stretched out to save him." Now here was a man of the commonest employment, who had to labour hard for his living; but his mind was raised to look through earthly things to those of the soul and heaven. He had liberty to read the Scriptures; he understood and applied them to his comfort and to the benefit of his fellow-traveller whom he met and might never meet again. I passed over the boundaries of the Protestant canton into the Roman Catholic one of Freiburg, and the like sort of people were not found there.

Yet it was at Freiburg that I intended to visit one of the most enlightened schoolmen of the age: Father Girard, a Roman Catholic monk,

Holy, secluded captive, brother! hail!

He had as much liberty as a monk has, but he might be called captive, for he was shut out from all influence upon those schools for which he had laboured for years with the exertion of his best powers. It had been found that the schools were diffusing that habit of thinking and searching out amongst the youth of the land which threatened the church of which he himself was a member and a priest; the alarm was given at Rome, and Girard had to give up the schools into the hands of the Jesuits. His services were confined to the society of monks in

which he held the office of Guardian, and preaching in his turn once in four weeks.

I arrived at Freiburg on Saturday night, and on Sunday morning I inquired in which of the churches there would be preaching. There was no Protestant place of worship. I was directed to the Cordeliers, where I went, and entered the church when the preacher got into the pulpit, because at that part of the service I could attend without seeming to assent to other parts of the Roman worship at which, as a Protestant, I should not think it right to be present. The preacher's text was the sermon on the mount, and with the most fixed attention I could discover nothing in the sermon that I could not heartily unite with. Edified and delighted, I returned to the hotel, and spent the middle of the day in quietness, while all around me there was every sort of noisy amusement. The people, after attending their worship in the morning, give the remainder of the Lord's day to pleasure: drinking, merry music, and dancing was their occupation during those sacred hours.

In the evening I thought I would try whether I could see Père Girard, for with him I expected no other conversation than what was suitable for the day. I was shown to his room at once with great readiness, and recognized in him the very preacher whose sermon had proved so refreshing to me in the morning. The recollection, at this moment, is one of delight. Nineteen years have passed over my head since; I have had to pitch my tent here and there, always far away from Switzerland, and have not heard of Père Girard again: he may have died or he may live yet a Cordelier monk, but I cherish the hope that he was a Catholic who did not belong to Rome.

Monks are men who live together in large buildings called monasteries, just as you know the nuns to live together in nunneries. Some of them teach children, others are very studious; but the greater number of them are idle and think more of eating and drinking than of study and prayer. They cannot get their liberty again, when once they have taken the vow as monks; hence Girard was not free to look where he might, for the kind of work to do that his heart was set upon: he had to be where the chief of the Cordeliers ordered him.

Just as Pestalozzi endeavoured to open the powers of thought by work in arithmetic, so Girard's aim at the same thing was by teaching the use of language. And as I have stated, Pestalozzi had been brought to see the justice of Girard's views. In causing the scholars to use language well, he made them use their powers of mind generally. He prepared a line of exercises upon Grammar, which led the scholars to think correctly, and gave them a knowledge of the science called Logic, before they ever were told that they were learning that. For the improvement of the heart, the Text Book was the Bible, which was freely read in all the schools, until the Jesuits took charge, and removed the word of God out of them.

Advertisements.

MADRAS

BOARDING AND DAY-SCHOOL.

MRS. BRADSHAW informs her friends that her School will re-open on MONDAY, 7th AUGUST.
6, D'AUTEUIL STREET,
Esplanade, 20th July, 1843.

NOTICE.

THE readers of the EXTRA are informed, that complete sets of the work may be obtained after the publication of the 6th Number; and those who are desirous of preserving their copies, can have them done up in a neat cover.

JUST PUBLISHED.

And for Sale at the Bible and Tract Depository,
PRICE 6D., OR 5S. PER DOZEN,

THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION

OF

NOTES OF A CONFERENCE,

BETWEEN

TWO MISSIONARIES OF THE REFORMED
EVANGELICAL CHURCH,

AND

FOUR ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTS.

Quebec, 19th July, 1843.

STAPLE

AND

FANCY STATIONERY,
ENGRAVINGS, ETC., ETC.

THE undersigned takes this opportunity of acquainting his friends and the public, that he has received, in the course of the Spring, an extensive supply of superior Writing Papers, Ink, Quills, Steel Pens, Sealing Wax, Penknives, Black Lead Pencils, Fine Counting House Pencils, Drawing Papers and Drawing Materials, Mathematical Instruments, Parallel Rulers, round and flat Rulers, Telescopes, Globes, Maps, plain and colored, Maps of Palestine, mounted on rollers,

FANCY ARTICLES.

Accordions, French, rosewood, with patent backs, S, 10, and 12 keys, do. do. with semi tones, Improved Accordion Tutors, with 40 different airs, Embossed, enamelled and gilt Visiting Cards, Card Cases, Roan, Morocco, Russia and Tortoiseshell,

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Papeteries—Packets of French Fancy Note Papers, Envelopes and Waters, in ornamented boxes, Ivory Paper Memorandums, Metallic Pencils, assorted, Silk Purses, Silk Taste, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Combs, and

A VARIETY OF OTHER ARTICLES,

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QUEBEC, June 28, 1843.

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THE VACATION EXTRA.

"FROM A CHILD THOU HAST KNOWN THE HOLY SCRIPTURES, WHICH ARE ABLE TO MAKE THEE WISE UNTO SALVATION."

2nd Tim. iii. 15.

No. VI.]

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1843.

[PRICE 1d.]

POETRY.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I tremble when trials are near;
Be hushed, my dark spirit, the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey and hastens thee home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss
And fixing my hope in a region like this:
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled:

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not lie down upon roses below,
I ask not a portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them for ever in Jesus's breast.

Let death, then, and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close,
Come joy or come sorrow, what'er may befall,
An hour with my God will make up for them all.

With a scrip on my back and a staff in my hand,
I'll march on in haste through an enemy's land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long;
I smooth it with hope and I cheer it with song.

COME WITH US!

(Numbers, x. 39.)

O come with us! the christian's lot
Is blest with peace thou knowest not;
Like thee we tread from age to age
An anxious, trying, pilgrimage;
But every weary step we come
Still leads us nearer to our home!

O enter through the narrow door,
And wander from the path no more!
The pilgrim's thought, the pilgrim's heart,
In worldly things must have no part.
Bend not thine ear, turn not thine eye,
The tempter is for ever nigh.

The sunshine of eternal rest
Awaits us soon amidst the blest;
And every year below grows bright
With some of that reflected light.
It shines upon the path we tread,
It is the presence of our God!

(M. A. S. BARBER.)

THE UNIVERSAL VOICE.

There is a tongue in every leaf,
A voice in every rill:
It speaks and warns you every where,
In flood and fire, through earth and air:
That voice is never still.

A voice from God is wide diffused
Through every thing you see;
It gives to stars and seasons breath
To speak to you of life and death,
Time and eternity.

FOR THE EXTRA.

ST. TIMOTHY'S HALL,
31st July, 1843.

Dear Scholars,

As this is now the last time that I shall be able to write you through the Extra, something of a very thoughtful mood comes upon me, and I must endeavour to convey the same to you. After exhorting you upon the right use of the powers of head and heart, I press upon your attention the words of St. Paul "The time is short." (1st Cor. vii. 29.)

I suppose you have endeavoured to make the most of your holydays, for the purpose of recreation. Are you prepared now also to make the most of Term-time, for the purpose of study? Consider the question with serious thought, and bring with you, dear scholars, a proper sense of your duty towards God in that respect, towards your parents, your teachers, and towards all mankind. You have your part to perform, in the midst of a world which sadly forgets duty to God and man; as followers of the Saviour it becomes you to let your light shine before men, so that they may see good works of you, and be made to glorify your Father which is in heaven.

As you know that I have been very busy with writing for you, since your studies have ceased, you may think I have had no holydays. True; and I did not want them. God has kept me in such a state of health, that I have been able to continue at work without interruption; and I am happier, and so is every body, at work than without it. Now I feel that this is really an uncommon mercy. There has not been one day these four years, that I could not be at my appointed work as the Tutor of youth.

But here I must tell you that sometimes I should have been glad of some rest, but could not allow it to myself without interrupting your studies and causing you the loss of time. I therefore paid no regard to little ailments, but kept at my work as if nothing was the matter, and I have so far found that strength has been given me according to my day. Now while I offer thanks to God for this favour received in the time past, I have to remember that a change may take place suddenly; my health may fail so as to render it impossible for me to continue such labours as I have carried on since St. Timothy's Hall was opened for study.

Sometimes I have been thinking how it would be with me, if I had to give up teaching youth, through sickness and infir-

mity. I have not sought to lay up money to keep me when I shall not be able to earn any more; and I have none to look to but God and kind friends for help in a time of weakness and old age. Suppose I were to remove then to a cheap little cottage out of town, with a garden in which perhaps I might do a little work yet, raising a few potatoes for myself, and cabbage and turnips; who would bring me bread and butter, and a little sugar, and tea? I should not want much, perhaps, but I could not pay the baker and the grocer for the little I might want.

I wonder whether some of the boys over whom I now watch and pray, and for whom I should be so glad to make a pleasant school, will then take a stroll sometimes in an evening and come knocking at the door of my little cottage, and inquire if their old master wants any thing: and whether perhaps the one will bring a quarter pound of tea out of his pocket, and another a little sugar, and say I used to love them when they were young, and they won't let me be in want now I am old:—

But as I muse upon these things, I must lay down my pen and take off my spectacles, for I cannot see well through them just now; only I can pray that my dear boys may grow to be a comfort to all those who seek their welfare, and that an old man may not have to weep over any of them as having set at naught the counsels of divine wisdom and proved neglectful of the calls of redeeming love.

I now hope that we shall soon meet again with affection and a hearty good will for diligence and faithfulness, and remain,

Dear Scholars,

Your sincere friend,

THE PRINCIPAL.

SELECTIONS

THREE LESSONS.

Some time ago, three authors, who were fathers, each wrote a book for young people. The book of the first was like a sermon, so grave that the young people would not read it. The book of the second was full of merriment, and every young person that read it liked it, but it did no one any good. The book of the third was profitable, and yet cheerful, so that it was of more real service than the other two put together.

Three mothers of different dispositions had each, on a particular occasion, to give their children some medicine in a powder. The first insisted that her children should

take the physic without sweetmeat of any kind, not even allowing them any thing to take after it. In consequence of this, she could not prevail upon her young people to take it at all. The next mother supplied her little ones so admirably with sweetmeat, that it did them more harm than the medicine did them good. The third mother, more considerate and prudent than the others, mixed the sweet and the bitter so properly together, that her children took it willingly, and it did them all the good that was required.

Robert, George, and Alfred, three boys that I knew, were very much alike, and there was but little difference in their age. They spent a week at my house, and I took them to be agreeable, well-behaved boys. The first morning it was a sharp frost, as it had been, indeed, for a morning or two before; so I told them they might go and slide on the great pond, if they would keep away from the flood-gate. I knew the part near the flood-gate to be dangerous; for the water kept running out of the pool there, and the ice was very thin. Well; to the pond they went; but when I followed to see if they were safe, there was Robert making a slide in the very part where I told him not to go; George was walking sullenly by the side of the pool, not so much as sliding at all, because I had forbidden him to venture on the dangerous part; while Alfred was cheerfully enjoying himself on a capital long slide on a safe part of the pool. In a twinkling Robert plunged into the water, for the ice broke; and it was as much as I could do to save his life. I was quite satisfied, the moment I came to the side of the pool, that Alfred was a lad of integrity, and that his two brothers were not to be trusted.

I have now told you about three fathers, three mothers, and three children, and shall feel disappointed, indeed, if you do not get, at least, three good lessons from what you have read.

(From the Child's Companion.)

A GHOST STORY.

TRANSLATED FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

I set out from Basle in the afternoon, and reached the parsonage of Boos in the evening, where I found the family rather early at supper. After making me sit down before a dish of Swiss milk with bread, butter, and green cheese, the minister explained the cause of their being unusually early. "Our last night's rest was interrupted, and we intend to retire in good time to-night." A smile passing round the table at this communication, I asked what had broken in upon their sleep the night before? "I had to fight a ghost," was his reply, at which the smile turned into a suppressed laughter and some blushes among the members of the family. "Did you lay the ghost?" said I. "Indeed I did." "Did you knock him down?" "No, I squeezed him in." The laugh now could be no longer restrained, and I begged to have an account of the battle. The minister gave it as follows:—

"I was awoke from my first sleep by a strange noise in that part of the house where we have our kitchen. Something kept knocking at different places; and when I called out to know what was the matter, the servant screamed out with terror, and begged of me not to make the thing angry. I was disposed to be angry with the foolish girl, and ordered her to light a candle for me; but she only screamed out the louder: nothing in the world would induce her to get up and encounter the ghost which was troubling our repose. I now dressed as well as I could, and came out in the dark, to search for the cause of the disturbance. I found that the kitchen door was not closed, and on entering, I perceived something with a white head which was moving about in a very irregular manner, knocking on all sides against walls, cupboards, pots, kettles and every thing that came in its way. It sometimes rose high up, and at others beat its head quite awfully on the floor: a dark body to the white head I could discover only just once or twice as it seemed to fly past the window, through which the moon sent a little pale light. The children had by this time awoke, and joined the screaming servant with their squeaks of terror; my wife called out, entreating me not to run into danger: the parsonage never was in such a state before, to my knowledge, and I wish it may never be again. I thought I must put an end to this matter; so I darted upon the ghost, laying hold of its white head with one hand, and of its dark body with the other. The head was quite smooth, and the body covered with hair; but I let go both of them quick enough, I must confess: for the head burned me like fire, and the body gave me some terrible scratches with claws sharp as needles. I saw that was not the way to lay our ghost.

"I now watched its movements, until I perceived it to come just between the door and post; I sprang forward directly and squeezed it in. That put an end to its capers. The noise being over, I managed to quiet the family at last; my wife brought light, and what do you think the ghost was?

"It was our poor black puss, which, finding the kitchen door open, went in and pushed its head up to its ears into the narrow mouth of a white milk-jug to drink; when the little thief had stolen all the milk, it could not get its head out again: of course it commenced knocking about, unable to see what was in its way; and at the same time its breath heated the jug so that I could not catch it there, and its claws made a successful defence when I came within their reach. And if I had not persevered in bringing out the truth of the matter, I suppose this would have made as certain a ghost-story as ever was related to frighten silly people."

THE FAITHFUL SERVANT.

The Captain of a Dutch ship was used to give the following affecting account of the loss of a black servant that he once

had:—One day the Captain was on board another vessel, when a storm arose so suddenly that he could not return to his own ship. In a short time his ship became a complete wreck, and he was in great anxiety for his two little boys whom he left on board, under the servant's care. When the storm ceased, he learned that his children were safe, but the servant lost. A boat had been let down, to save as many of the people as it could hold; when it was so full that only one more person could be allowed to get in, the black servant presented himself with a bag which contained the two little boys and a pot of sweet meats for them: he was told that the bag could not be admitted, but he himself might. At this he told the people in the boat to take the bag, in which were the little boys; to give his duty to his master, and to ask him to forgive him his faults. So he stayed behind and perished.

(Related by Mrs. Hannah More.)

THE VACATION EXTRA.

QUEBEC, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 2, 1843.

It is with pain that the repeated occurrence of a kind of recreation is taken notice of, which breaks in so seriously upon the sacredness of the Lord's day, that it is surprising it should be adverted to without any reference to the profanation committed by it. Steamers advertise for pleasure-trips in various directions, to commence on Saturday, and to extend to Monday or Tuesday, of course including that day which God has commanded us to remember to keep it holy. I suppose, these boats have owners, commanders, and crews who profess the christian religion; and that they, together with the passengers, can reconcile it with their religious duty, the one to provide, and the other to seek, recreation which involves such violation of God's law, is one of those circumstances which make one sometimes think it ought to be common with us, as it is in the United States, to hear persons, when they are asked of what religion they are, say candidly: "of no religion at all."

My correspondents who sign themselves "Unanimous," have not, I am afraid, consulted a very important party to the question upon which they write to me. They will admit that their Papas and Mamas have a word to say upon extending their holydays; and I will tell Unanimous that, the last time I took a walk with the Principal of St. Timothy's Hall, we met several Ladies and Gentlemen who said: Oh, they would be so glad if the holydays were over; for the boys seem not to know at all what to do with themselves, and there really is not a better place for them than at their desks and studies.

Indeed, I have a great notion Mr. Unanimous is not at all a great many scholars, and perhaps he is not one of the scholars of

St. Timothy's Hall at all. He may be one of those who made a French Gentleman ask a boy the other day whether the Extra is printed in Hebrew? The boy was surprised at the question, and asked what made him think so; then he said he found scarcely any boys take it up and begin to read on the first page,—but they begin at the last column of the third page, where the funny advertisements are; and he knew that Hebrew is written from the right hand to the left, so that the Jews seem to begin at the end of the book, and so read backwards like those boys.

Now the truth of the matter is, my friend the Principal does not think it good for his scholars to have longer holidays; and he believes they also would not really be so happy in having them extended as in assembling again according to the advertisement which he has sent to the Publisher; and I think I cannot use any persuasion with my friend, for I am pretty much of the same opinion.

The question respecting a continuance of the Vacation Extra, upon which Unanimous writes, stands closely connected with the expiration of the holidays. The Editor has worked hard to keep the paper going, according to the first proposal; its design has been answered, he believes, and his leisure is going to an end; so it will be impossible for him to continue it. Would not Unanimous be induced to take it up? It could not be the Vacation Extra any longer, but with him for an Editor, it would make a good *School-Ordinary*.

In closing my editorial labours, I have to express the satisfaction which I feel in the result of this little attempt at doing good in the small way in which it is given me to do it. The number of *Extras* which has been disposed of, is far more than I allowed myself to hope. I feared that the Publisher would not recover the expense of printing; but as I find that he for his part is well satisfied with the success he has met with, I regret that it is not in my power to continue my labours as an Editor of so harmless a description, and that this opportunity of circulating profitable instruction closes with the term from the first assigned to it.—To my numerous readers, both young and old, I bid a very cordial and affectionate farewell. HSL.

P. S.—As I know that there is felt, in many quarters, the want of a religious periodical, which would communicate intelligence bearing upon the spread of Christ's Kingdom, and would select, out of the secular news of the day, that only which heads of families would consider safe for any member of their households to take cognizance of, I will state that my little experience makes me think, the editing of such a periodical would be interesting and improving to a mind deeply engaged in subjects of that nature; and that it would be an opening for extensive usefulness. It is not a Juvenile that I am now speaking of, but a Family periodical, taking a decided part in

favour of religion, and of morals upon Scripture principles. This world's goods would not be acquired by it; for as its circulation would be select, so would it be limited; and it would exclude, as from its editorial pages, so from its advertising columns, much that might improve its revenue, but would war against its religious influence. But it is an office to which any man might count it an honour to be called who has the qualifications needful for it, and liberty from other engagements to assume such a duty.

MISSIONARY NEWS.

All the people upon the face of the globe are reckoned to be eight hundred and sixty millions; of these we know that

260 millions	call themselves Christians,
4 “	are Jews.
96 “	“ Mahomedans,
500 “	“ Heathens.

860 millions.

So you see there are 600 millions of immortal souls that do not acknowledge the Lord Jesus at all. How zealous ought we to be, that they may hear of him; for if they do not, we have no promise that they shall be saved. And it is reckoned that two thousand persons die in every hour, who have not heard of Jesus. May God prosper the labours of missionaries in every part of the world!

YOUTH'S POLITICS.

The Pasha of Egypt seems willing to take steps towards cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Suez, by which means the Red Sea and the Mediterranean would be united, and steamers and vessels might pass through without discharging cargo or landing those passengers who want to go on. It is a great satisfaction to every one that knows the value of time, when he hears of plans which will save delay, and make travelling short.

There has been much talking, at different times, about a canal across the Isthmus of Darien. This would save a vast deal of time, because vessels have such a long way to sail round Cape Horn, when they are to get to the western shore of America. I hope this project also will be carried into effect, but there is no one to look to for it, in that country, so vigorous in such matters, and with so much power and wealth, as the Pasha in Egypt.

Error in "Youth's Politics" in the last number:—Instead of the Emperor's daughter, read the Emperor's sister; she is daughter to the late Emperor, and sister to the present.

This day, 2d of August, it is just 743 years, since William Rufus was shot by Sir Walter Tyrrel, while hunting in the New Forest.

It is also just 139 years since the Battle of Blenheim was won by the Duke of Marlborough.

Hayfield Cottage, Strawberry Hill,
near Quebec, July 29th. 1843.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

They tell me that you are really going to stop your nice newspaper for us young people, just about the time when the Principal of St. Timothy's Hall intends that his holidays should end. Now it appears to me a great pity to lose two such good things as the newspaper and the holidays at the same time. I think therefore that I have hit upon a famous plan for preserving both, which will be sure to succeed, if you, Mr. Editor, will only use your great influence over the Principal, and if he will but exercise his great influence over you. What a pleasant attack of *Influenza* it will be! I propose that he should grant us an extra Vacation, that you may be able to go on giving us the *Vacation Extra*. You observe that it will be quite a mutual obligation, notwithstanding that, at first sight, one does seem to be exactly the reverse of the other. Besides, not to whisper a word of our being very fond of holidays, we are all so very fond of the Principal, that we shall get twice as much good from the extra holidays, as we have from the regular ones, when thinking all the while that our kind old Teacher is enjoying more rest than he expected from the troublesome work of setting us our lessons. For his sake now do, Mr. Editor, try what nice arrangement you can make for us; and, with a lively sense of your friendly assistance,

Believe us yours very sincerely,

UNANIMOUS.

ANSWERS TO THE BIBLE-QUESTIONS.

If you turn to Genesis i. 16, you will find that the office of the sun is, to rule the day, and the office of the moon, to rule the night.

The point in which Cain was such as no other person ever has been, is that he was the first boy that ever was. There had been the first man before him, and the first woman, and he was the first boy.

OFFICIAL NOTICE.

TO THE NUISANCE-CARTERS:—In consequence of serious complaints made by the people in whose neighbourhood the "I can't's" and "I won't's" have of late been deposited under the authority of the undersigned officer; and duly considering the just grounds which exist for their remonstrance against the accumulation of such exceedingly offensive matter within reach of any habitation:—notice is now given that the rubbish is henceforth to be delivered up to Mr. Keep-in, at the House of Correction, who has a general warrant for detaining every such offender until the Turnkey, Mr. You-must shall report it safe for him to be set at large.

TICKLE'EM TIGHTREIN.

High Constable.

Hardscrabble Nuisance Office.

TO OPTICIANS: A brisk sale might be effected of Spectacles which will show to strangers all the good qualities that many parents discover in their own children. The article should be enclosed in elegant cases, so as to be kept ready on Centrotables, that visitors may put them on as soon as occasion calls for them.

MY VACATION-JOURNEY IN SWITZERLAND.

(Continued from the 5th Number.)

On the Monday after my interview with Père Girard, I proceeded in the morning to find out the public school, and see the fragments left of the beautiful system of education which had been broken up. When I came near the place to which I had been directed, I asked a man who was sweeping the street, to point out to me the public schools. As the man was going a few paces to show me the entrance, he broke out in most affecting lamentation: "You are going to see the schools? Ah, Sir, they are not now what they were while Père Girard was at the head of them: I had two boys there; I perceive the difference!" The words, as they came from his heart, so they went to mine, and I thought it was a noble profession that I had chosen, the training of youth. Here was a man of the lowest rank in life; he swept the street; but at hearing the schools mentioned, his heart flowed over with grateful acknowledgment of the man's worth whose labours had provided good training for his children. And I felt my wrath stirred at the opposition which had marred the good work through which the light of truth might have spread over an extensive tract of country. Talk to me of the unity of the church of Rome! Here was the Jesuit arrayed against Cordelier with as much determination as you ever heard of protestant sect against another. The ruling voice from Rome certainly ordered the one back into his monastery, and gave the schools to the other; but that did not make union. The Jesuits triumphed; the Cordeliers submitted to what they could not help; and the fathers and mothers of Freiburg felt wounded in their tenderest interests, by men to whom they were to look up as religious guides.

I did not spend much time in the schools, but enough to hear expressions of regret from several of the teachers, at the loss of Père Girard's superintendence. Having nothing further to detain me in Freiburg, I set out in the afternoon on my way to Berne. After a night's rest at Sennebruek, I arrived at Berne by nine on the following morning. Here I stopped over the middle of the day, and in the afternoon went on my way to Hofwyl, the celebrated school of Mr. Von Fellenberg.

Visitors at Hofwyl have very generally their attention taken up with the stylish seminary for the education of young gentlemen; they are shown the arrangements, but see nothing of the inward life which animates the institution. It was not my plan to give any of the little time I had to stay at Hofwyl to the seminary at all; the Wehrli-school was what attracted me. Mr. Fellenberg, you must know, besides being a great man for the training of youth, is a great farmer. He has much land to cultivate; and as there are many poor boys in the country for whom it would be a very good thing to be brought up to work and to get knowledge, he has opened a school and

dwelling-house for them, where about a hundred boys board and lodge and are trained together, under a master whose name is Mr. Wehrli. They have three hours' regular lessons during the day; before school and after it they work in the farm, yard, or workshop; and in the evening they prepare lessons for the following day, the master being with them to see that they employ themselves nicely. Mr. Wehrli has also a number of young men with him who are training to become school-masters; they help him in looking after the boys, that no time may be wasted. The boys learn singing, are exceedingly well dressed, clean, but perfectly plain; they look very healthy and active at work as well as at study. I did not see them at play, and I do not think they have much time for it; but they go to their work with as much life as if it were play. I stood with Mr. Wehrli when a party of the boys came from the fields, to say they had finished the work appointed to them, and what were they to do next? They were all standing ready for a run, as soon as they might be told. "Go weed the potatoe-field yonder." As soon as the word had gone forth, they darted away like lightning.

I attended several lessons, at which the boys shewed that they were very well able to learn, and had applied themselves diligently. The singing was very good. In knowledge of the Bible they were deficient. Indeed I felt somewhat afraid that the spirit of religion was not breathing through this establishment. The minister who taught religion, was a young man of not much experience; his instructions seemed to be just one of the pursuits which had to be attended to when it came, but was laid aside when the lesson was over. Now religion ought to be the very life and soul of all that is done in the training of youth.

I had now accomplished the object for which I had set out on my journey. As I was strapping my knapsack together again to leave Hofwyl, I began to feel homesick, for there was nothing further for me to do abroad. I pursued my march to Solothurn that day, and the following day reached my own quarters. Here I unpacked my things, thankful for the kind providence which had attended me in my journey, and had given me favour in the sight of my fellow-creatures whose conversation I had sought at the various places which I visited. On looking over my journal, I found that the whole of my notes almost were about men, and scarcely a remark presented itself upon the beautiful country I had traversed. I was glad, upon the whole, that such had been the direction of my thoughts. I was well aware that I had travelled through a beautiful country, but my search had been for mind and not for places. And so I looked forward without pain to the changing course of life then opening before me, in which it has proved of service to me that I learned early to be unmindful of outward circumstances, as long as I was placed where I could profit my neighbour or be profited by him.

Advertisements.

ST. TIMOTHY'S HALL.

THE young gentlemen connected with this Seminary will resume their studies on MONDAY, the 14th of this month.

MADRAS

BOARDING AND DAY-SCHOOL.

MRS BRADSHAW informs her friends that her School will re-open on MONDAY, 7th August.

6, D'AUTEUIL STREET, Esplanade, 20th July, 1843.

NOTICE.

THE readers of the EXTRA are informed, that complete sets of the work may be obtained after the publication of the 6th Number; and those who are desirous of preserving their copies, can have them done up in a neat cover.

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THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION

OF

NOTES OF A CONFERENCE,

BETWEEN

TWO MISSIONARIES OF THE REFORMED EVANGELICAL CHURCH,

AND

FOUR ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTS.

Quebec, 19th July, 1843.

STAPLE

AND

FANCY STATIONERY, ENGRAVINGS, ETC. ETC.

THE undersigned takes this opportunity of acquainting his friends and the public, that he has received, in the course of the Spring, an extensive supply of superior Writing Papers, Ink, Quills, Steel Pens, Sealing Wax, Penknives, Black Lead Pencils, Fine Counting House Pencils, Drawing Papers and Drawing Materials, Mathematical Instruments, Parallel Rulers, round and flat Rulers, Telescopes, Globes, Maps, plain and colored, Maps of Palestine, mounted on rollers,

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